BREAKING DOWN CHINESE WALLS

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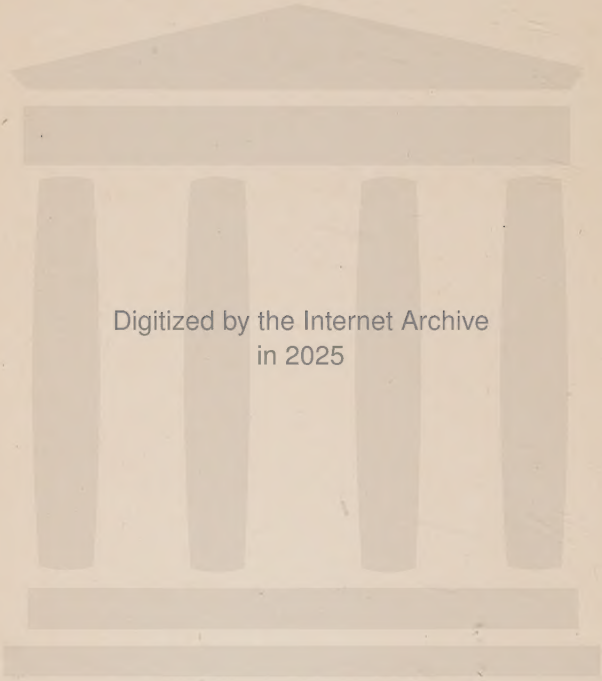
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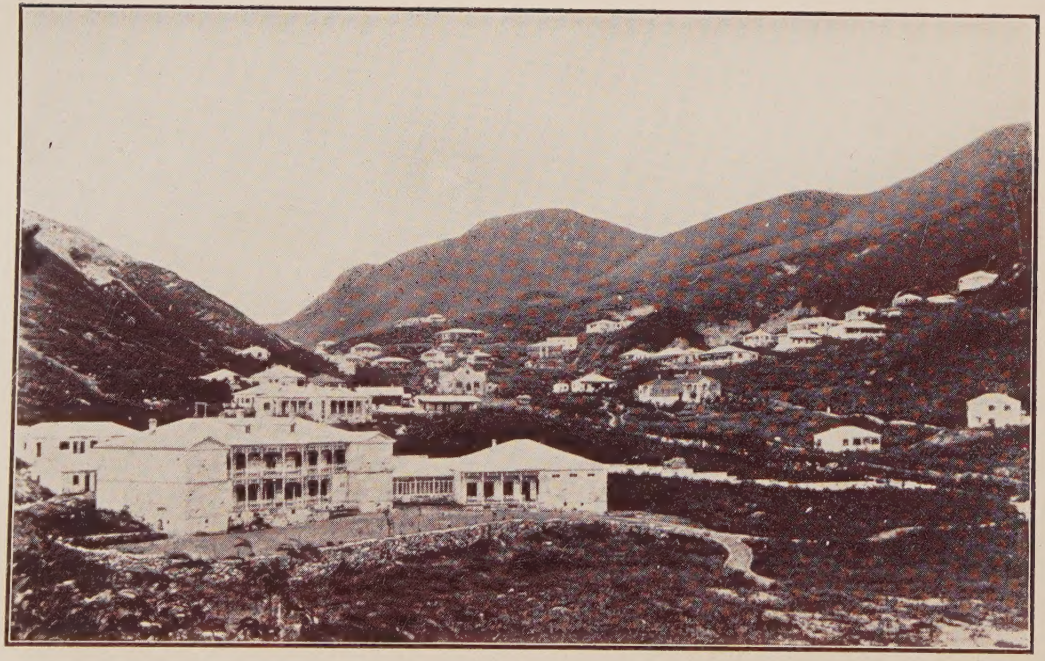

A part of the Kuling valley with the school buildings in the foreground. *Page 202.*

Breaking Down Chinese Walls

From a Doctor's Viewpoint

By
ELLIOTT I. OSGOOD, A. M., M. D.

Missionary at Chu Cheo, Anhwui Province, China, under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society

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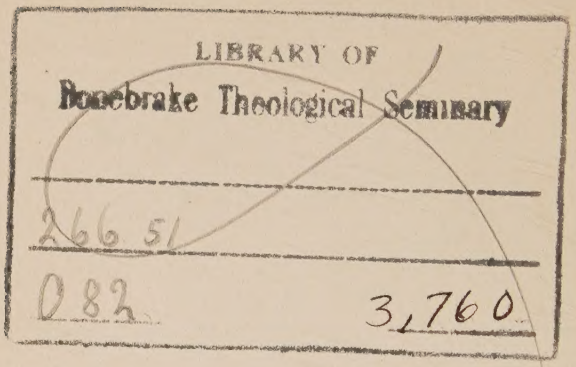
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Introductory Note

DR. ELLIOTT I. OSGOOD, the author of this work, has been in China as an evangelist and physician for eight years. Chu Cheo, a town about forty miles northwest of Nanking, has been the scene of his labours. The doctor's work has been to conduct a hospital and dispensary in the central station at Chu Cheo, visit and preach the Gospel and heal the sick in the outstations and villages round about.

While at home on his furlough, Dr. Osgood visited many American centres, speaking in the interest of the work in China. His addresses were so illuminating and so enjoyable that there was a general demand for their publication. These addresses constitute the substance of this book.

Dr. Osgood had it in mind from the first to show that the daily life of the missionaries is one of the most effective agencies in winning the Chinese to Christ. He has shown that the mother in her home caring for the children plays a part scarcely less important than her husband in the pulpit and in the hospital.

The Chinese know nothing about Christianity before the missionary comes to them and they

care less. They have been proud of their time-honoured institutions and religions. The missionary must not only preach Christ to them but he must demonstrate by living illustrations the superiority of Christianity over their heathen systems.

For this purpose the missionaries have opened dispensaries, hospitals and schools. They have surrounded their homes with western conveniences and comforts. They have given lectures in chemistry, electricity and mechanics with experiments. The superiority of modern tools over those used by the Chinese has been shown. The Chinese have been given opportunity to compare foreign saddles, sewing machines, stoves and the construction of the mission houses, with their own products.

In the mission hospital not only has the superiority of modern surgery and medicine been shown them but, far more important, they have seen and felt the difference between the crude and rough handling of the sick by their own physicians and the tender, sympathetic work of the medical missionary. They may not at first appreciate the cleanliness enjoined in the hospital, but they cannot help but be impressed with the skill and gentleness of the foreigner as he quiets the fevered patients and drives away the pain.

The view of a man and woman standing on

equal relations, at first shocks them, but the longer they study the phenomenon, the more must they be impressed with its power over future generations. It had not occurred to them that a man could find sweet fellowship with one of the opposite sex. They had not dreamed of a love like that manifested in the mission homes. The elevation of womanhood to her rightful place by the side of her brother has played a great part in the elevation of modern nations. It is slowly dawning upon the Chinese that if they would become like other nations their womankind must be given their rightful place.

All of these demonstrations are but an exposition of the power of Christ to uplift humanity and eventually must lead the Chinese to accept Him. They are a practical people. They will only desire an article after its value has been proven to them. By the homes, schools, hospitals and other institutions, which missionaries have been planting in China, the vital value of Christianity to the needs of the Chinese is being demonstrated and is winning them to Christ.

This book is different from any other book upon the Chinese problem that has come to my notice. It gives information the people desire, and in a concrete form. No one can read what Dr. Osgood has written without being enlightened and without being drawn into fuller sympathy with the men, women and children at the

front. Those who wish to know what a missionary family does and how it is done cannot do better than to read this most interesting work.

ARCHIBALD MCLEAN,
President of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

Cincinnati, 1908.

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Breaking Down Chinese Walls

I

THE ENTERING WEDGE

IN the midst of His higher ministry to men, Christ was ever busy healing their diseases and relieving their pains. The most successful mission work has been done in those places where the missionaries first ministered to the diseased conditions of the men whose souls they were seeking to save.

David Livingstone won his way through Africa with his medicine chest and a few well-chosen surgical instruments. Peter Parker opened China to the Gospel by use of the lancet. Dr. Allen saved the life of a Korean prince after the native doctors had tried in vain to staunch the flow of blood with sealing wax. It was through this act that the Hermit Kingdom was thrown open to mission work. Evangelical missionaries tried in vain to enter Kashmir until Dr. Elmslie with his medical skill paved the way for the entrance of Christianity. Likewise Dr. Carr succeeded in establishing a mission station in Ispahan, Persia, when other methods tried by his bishop had signally failed.

The history of missions shows that medical work is the key that unlocks the door to heathen hearts. Simple help like the pulling of a tooth, the lancing of an abscess, the giving of a dose of quinine, or the application of sulphur ointment, has opened regions hitherto unaccessible. It is the purpose of this chapter to show how medical missionaries have been used in opening China to the Gospel.

THE NEED. The scale of living among the large portion of China's millions is very low. Ignorance concerning the laws of hygiene, sanitation and health is dense. They have no quarantine. The meat from dead animals is eaten by poorer classes. Kitchen refuse is thrown into a cesspool at the front door. Typhus and typhoid fevers, cholera and smallpox are prevalent diseases. Dirty clothes and hands are applied freely to inflamed eyes until chronic inflammation of the lids, ingrowing eyelashes and opacity of the cornea result therefrom. Sloughing of the entire foot frequently follows foot binding. Bruises and injuries to the skin surface resolve themselves into ulcers. Ulcers are covered over with gummy plasters which force the septic discharge into the general circulation. Lack of cleanliness causes sixty per cent. of the diseases which appear at the door of the missionary hospitals.

Evil spirits are supposed to be the cause of

most diseases. The Chinese physician seeks to cure the condition by expelling the evil spirit. For this purpose he uses a long needle which, cold or hot, clean or dirty, he thrusts into the part of the body affected by the disease. His purpose is to make an opening through which the spirit may depart. Into the liver or neck, knee or elbow joint, it is thrust, setting up inflammation and abscesses, often rendering the part forever stiff.

Some of the experimental knowledge gleaned by Chinese physicians is valuable, but it is so often mixed up with superstitious ideas as to render much of their practice useless and even dangerous to life. They use a large variety of vegetable drugs but with these they mix tigers' claws, lions' bones, human flesh, blood of animals and like peculiar ingredients.

Even such service as they can render must be monopolized by the richer classes as the poor people have little money with which to pay doctor's bills. The Chinese have no free dispensaries, no hospitals, no charitable institutions,—or did not have until Christian missions taught them the lesson. A poor man falls by the roadside and remains there until he recovers his strength or dies. His dead body may lie unburied until wild dogs and wolves devour the flesh and only the whitened bones are left to tell the story of another tragedy.

Infanticide is common among the lower classes. The evidences of its practice are constantly before the eyes of the missionary. Invariably it is the girl babe which is destroyed. The people have little knowledge as to the proper food for children and large numbers of them are carried away each year by pestilence. Those which survive are constantly beset with ills. Babes are tied to the back of an older sister and all through the day the little eyes are allowed to face the glare of the sun. Dust, dirty washclothes and the prevalence of specific diseases do the rest to rob many a child of sight when it has just begun to see.

To save washing and watching the child, its clothes are so made that it can care for itself. The seeds of social impurity are thus sown at a startlingly early period. Parents do not restrain their talk before the children and the child language becomes innocently vile. Missionary children cannot be allowed to associate with them because of this contamination.

There is another need for medical missionaries. Protestant Christendom has sent out seventeen thousand men and women to bear the Gospel to heathen nations. Ten thousand children are growing up in those Christian homes whose circle and circumference are walled back by squalor, filth and contagious diseases, and whose atmosphere is penetrated by a weakening climate.

These missionary centres are often separated from medical aid by many days' journey. Five hundred and fifty men and two hundred and fifty women physicians, eight hundred in all, have been sent out who not only have the care of the health of the missionaries in their keeping, but also are annually treating three millions of heathen patients in a thousand hospitals and dispensaries. Medical missionaries often ride fifty or one hundred miles to reach the bedside of one of their fellow workers.

THE METHOD. In large Chinese centres modern hospitals have been erected either as the gift of friends in the homelands or by rich Chinese who appreciate the value of modern medicine and surgery. The main building of a mission hospital may contain a chapel, waiting room, examination room and dispensary. Wards for men and women, surgical and medical cases, opium breakers and special cases give room for patients who must remain under the doctor's care for a time. Conveniently situated is a modern operating room. To these main departments will be added other buildings to be used for kitchens, assistants' room, laundry, etc. In small cities the buildings are less elaborate, built to fit the local needs.

In the greater number of the hospitals the whole responsibility rests upon the shoulders of one medical man who must meet every call,

whether medical or surgical. He must be an executive, handling assistants, cooks and coolies. He must watch and instruct every assistant during the clinics, operations and subsequent nursing of patients. The buying of supplies, the preparation of dressings, the paying out of moneys and even the presenting of the Gospel to the thousands of patients, must be under his guidance.

The daily clinic will have patients from the next door and a hundred miles away. Each patient is accompanied by one or more friends. They gather in chapel and listen to the Gospel story as they wait. Each patient pays a nominal fee and is registered as to name, age, sex, home and disease. Each receives a copy of a Gospel. The door to the examination room is opened and in turn they file in and are treated. The abscesses are lanced, the ulcers cleansed and dressed; the surgical cases referred to the operating room and hospital; the medicine is prescribed and instructions, as to taking it, carefully given. The number of those who daily pass through the various dispensaries is from ten to three hundred. The friends who accompany them are legion.

The doctor watches all the cases. Under his eye the assistants do the cleansing and dressing and the giving out of drugs. It is difficult for the Chinese to comprehend the mysteries of for-

eign medicines. Too frequently the patient has taken the external application internally and rubbed the internal medicine on the outside. The value of bathing and deep breathing, as remedial agents, has never occurred to him.

The operating room. Surgeons on the mission field take great care to hold their technique up to modern standards. They read the best medical magazines and spend a goodly part of their furloughs in post-graduate work in medical colleges. They train their assistants to properly sterilize dressings and instruments and prepare themselves, the operating room and the patient for the operation. One of them must be trained to become an anesthetizer.

The list of operations performed in a mission hospital reads like a compendium on surgery. It is safe to say that nowhere in the wide world can such a variety of aggravated cases, needing surgical interference, be found. The patients have passed through all the stages of neglect and mal-treatment by the native doctors and frequently come to the foreign physician as a last resort. A successful operation, under such conditions, usually meets with proper marks of gratitude and prepares favourable soil for the reception of the Gospel through subsequent convalescence.

The hospital. The wards have cement or wood floors. The walls are plastered and well lighted.

Such surroundings are very different from those found in the Chinese home. Where possible the hospital owns its own bedding and has clothing for the patients. When a patient is received, he is given a thorough bath, his clothes are sterilized and put away and he is given a suit of clothes from the hospital supplies. When he leaves, his own clothing is returned to him. Such is not always the case. Where funds are insufficient, the patients must bring their own bedding and wear their own clothing, but such conditions are not favourable for good medical work.

The walls of the hospital are decorated with Scripture texts and pictures in the Chinese language and art. The spirit of Christ is poured out upon the patients in tender ministry to their diseased bodies. Having nothing to do, they are in a receptive mood to hear the Gospel. The Chinese evangelist and foreign doctor go among them and both teach and illustrate the message by their ministry. Some of these patients are in the hospital for a day or two. Some remain there for months.

Teaching the assistants is a necessary part of the doctor's work. The servants must be taught how to clean the rooms and furniture. The cook must learn how to prepare food for sick people. The medical assistants must long and carefully study modern medicine. The best medical works must be translated into the vernacular.

The doctor himself must learn to put it all into their language and thought. Every clinic becomes a recitation, every movement an example. The assistants must not only become skillful doctors, but skillful Christian doctors. An unprincipled assistant can undo all the good work done by the doctor. The reproduction of the Christ-life in them will double the influence of the hospital.

The medical missionary *visits* patients in their homes. To the homes of the poor he will go without charge. The rich readily pay a proper fee and make subscriptions to the hospital. The doctor attends births, suicides, cases of contagion and virulent fevers. He is even believed to have power to raise the dead and finds himself called to a home where death has preceded him by several hours.

THE RESULTS. The influence of the medical work extends beyond the bounds of all other missionary activities. No single evangelist with a corps of Chinese helpers can visit as many towns as are represented by the patients who come to a single dispensary. The work has no geographical bounds. The evangelist may be driven out of a place by fanatical mobs, but no such power can stop the sick in that place from entering the mission hospital.

We might tell of mobs in distant places who have been stilled by the mediation of some one

who, through ministration to his sick body, has been brought under the spell of Christ, and who now willingly endangers his own life to save that of some missionary; or of the homes which have been thrown open to the evangelist itinerating into distant places; of the churches which have sprung up and flourished for years before being reached by the preacher, all under the fostering care of the same grateful patients, who have been saved both body and soul, while on a forced visit to the foreign hospital.

Common labourers have refused pay for little helps rendered to the doctor, because of his kindness to them when they have been sick. Consecrated evangelists have come from the ranks of opium sots, saved from the toils of the opium demon by the ministries of the doctor. Thousands caught their first glimpse of the Christ while in the hospital and are humbly following Him to-day.

Grateful patients among the rich classes have willingly subscribed to the funds of the hospital and, in cases, have built entire hospitals. The assistants have been called to take charge of institutions supported entirely from Chinese sources and have carried their religion, as well as their medical skill into these new spheres of activity. Other students have set up independent practice, and also become centres for the spread of Christianity.

The medical missionary bears a heavy responsibility in the development of the new church. Upon him falls the responsibility of instructing these babes in Christ in lessons of cleanliness, social purity and sanitary science. He becomes family doctor to the Christians. From him they have learned that disease is not caused by the entrance of evil spirits into the body. Christian medicine is an enemy to all quackery, superstition, exorcism, and witchcraft. Wherever it has come, these tools of Satan have been broken.

Works on physiology and anatomy have been translated into almost as many languages as the Bible itself. They have been introduced among the Chinese and are now being used as text-books in their public schools. The mission hospital is a school for the teaching of the science of health.

Upon the medical missionary has fallen the responsibility of the health of the entire missionary body. The long terms of service in uncongenial climates, the rearing of children in unsanitary surroundings, the strenuous hardships endured in this great service of Christ have been made possible by the untiring devotion of the medical associate.

It is no small thing that strength and health, skill and learning, tenderness and sympathy, wealth and personality, should be freely given to the destitute and decrepit, the foul and vile, the poor and homeless. The medical missionary, in

the midst of the multitudes crowding around and, on bended knee, imploring his ministrations in their behalf, is not unlike Him who made the blind to see, the lame to walk, cleansed the lepers, unstopped the ears of the deaf, raised the dead and preached the Gospel to the poor. "I was naked and ye clothed Me; sick and ye visited Me; in prison and ye came unto Me."

II

A DAY IN THE DISPENSARY

SILKS and satins may be seen here and there among those gathered in the waiting room of the mission dispensary but the greater part of the patients are wearing faded and much patched cotton garments. An American tramp would be ashamed to wear some of the garments displayed. Yet these patients are not tramps. They are refugees, day labourers, and fuel cutters who are suffering under a weight of oppression and sickness, people who rarely know a full meal.

A number of them are opium smokers. A "hitter of the pipe" can be told by his stooped shoulders, discoloured teeth and the burned holes in his garments. Some time when he has been nodding over his pipe, his coat has come too near the flame of the opium lamp. Ask him if he smokes and ten chances to one he will deny it. Pick up the index finger of his right hand and show him the stain that comes from the daily moulding of the little opium ball which he must heat and roll into shape for the bowl of his opium pipe. He will look up with a foolish grin and

remark to the other patients about the shrewdness of the foreigner.

It is nearing the clinic hour. The patients have registered and paid a nominal fee of three or four cents. The evangelist steps up to the desk and begins to speak. His subject is chosen from a series of thirty, one for each day of the month. Those subjects, beginning with "There is One God," cover the salient points of the plan of salvation. Most of them dwell upon the life and ministry of our Lord while on earth. Month by month the patients are ever changing but these are subjects that must be preached to them all. In the simplest manner the evangelist seeks to impress his motley audience with the connection between the mission dispensary and God who "so loved the world." Oh, it has to be simple. If one would learn how to speak to little children let him first practice on a disease-stricken Chinese audience.

The doctor comes in to obtain a general view of the day's patients. A beggar presses his way through the crowd and, falling down upon his knees, bumps his head upon the bare bricks of the waiting-room floor.

"Foreign official, I am a poor beggar and have no money. My little boy has been sick a long time. Will you not, for merit's sake, 'do good deeds' and heal my boy?"

He pushes forward a little fellow, pale and

Worshipping at the Confucian Temple by successful candidates.

Mission Hospital at Lu Cheo Fu, Anhwui Province, China. Dr. Buchart, who has this hospital in charge, treats from one hundred to one hundred and fifty patients a day

anemic. Malaria has been shaking the poor little form to pieces. His lips are blue. The wasted limbs can scarcely support the distended abdomen.

As we give him the medicine and carefully instruct him as to the method of taking it, we gently tell the father of the One who used to heal by a touch such little ones as this boy. We tell him that by reason of Christ having laid up merit for us by His death on the cross, we no longer need to "do good deeds" for ourselves. We minister to the sick because He saw how men suffer and die in anguish. Because of His pity for such, He asked us to come to the sick among the Chinese and minister to them for Him.

The rest of the patients and their friends have crowded around as we have been speaking and begin to press forward their claims. Ulcered limbs, swollen jaws, fevered babies and emaciated forms are brought to our attention. Every patient is accompanied by one or more members of his family who join in the general clamor. So we step inside and the doorkeeper, at signal, admits them group by group. A large per cent. of the patients are afflicted with some form of sepsis, brought on by dirt and neglect. Could they have known and observed the simple law of cleanliness, one half of them would never have needed to come near the doctor. Cleansing must be the first step in the healing process. It is likewise the last step. The lance, the electric

battery, the dusting powders, the ointments, the dressings, are all adjuncts to the one main remedy of cleanliness.

Here is a man who has suffered for years with a large ulcer on his leg. If he will come steadily for a month, or better still, remain for a time in the hospital, his long standing trouble will be cured. The next man has spent money and time on Chinese doctors but has grown steadily worse. He came to us a week ago. Now one need but look into his face to see that he is being healed. He pours out his thanks every time an opportunity affords.

This woman, nursing her swollen face, catches her first glimpse of a pair of dental forceps. The Chinese have no such surgical instrument. Their only relief for toothache, or neuralgia, or rheumatism, or any other form of that terrible malady called Pain, is opium. To opium they flee sooner or later, until thousands upon thousands are added to the list of victims of this habit, all because of Pain. Very soon this woman is going out of the door with that offending molar in her hands. She shows it to her friends who gather around her outside. She tells them how easy the foreign doctor pulled it and how the pain is already gone. When they fall under the bondage of this same tyrant, they will know where to come for quick relief. The extraction of that tooth has saved another victim from the opium habit.

An old man walks slowly into the waiting-room. He is a Christian. But a short time ago his sons brought him to the hospital. He was suffering with an abscess of the liver. For days his life hung in the balance. Now he can walk about. He greets every one with a smile of gladness. As we minister to the other patients, we hear him among the waiting ones, telling how good God has been to him. He will do as much good as a gifted evangelist, for has he not been sick and is now almost well? He is showing the patients a "sample" of what God is doing through the medical missionary.

A woman and a little child come in together. They are groping their way and peering out of their dim eyes to locate the doctor. Both are blinded by opaque scars on their eyes, the result of chronic ulceration. Dirt was the primary cause. It is hard to tell them that their cases are hopeless. Had they come earlier they might have been helped, but was there a doctor and a dispensary there when the trouble began? An old lady, also blind, follows them. There is some hope for her. If she will submit to a surgical operation and have those cataracts removed from her eyes she can see once more. A man with reddened eyeballs is the next patient. Dirt is the primary factor in this case, too. Chronic inflammation has scarred the inner surface of the eyelids until the eyelash has been drawn in and

now mechanically irritates the eye. If he does not allow the surgeon to remedy the condition, he, too, will soon be blind.

Another group enters the gate of the hospital yard carrying a woman on a rude litter. A crowd gather about the new arrival as her bearers place the litter under the shadow of the veranda. We join the crowd. Her twitching face, spasms over her entire body tell us she is in the extreme stages of hydrophobia.

"Where did the dog bite her?" asks one of the assistants.

"Oh, the dog did not bite her flesh. He just tore her clothing."

Can we bluntly tell them that the woman has positively no real hydrophobia, that she is simply suffering from fear? Would that we might be able to do so and thus convince the patient of her error. The Chinese believe that even though only the clothing is torn the virus is imparted to the party attacked. Do what we can, we cannot turn back the flood of error which has carried this woman into the last stages of this dread condition. She is too far gone. We turn away with a heavy heart to attend to the needs of other patients. There are some things the missionary doctor cannot do. A few days later we are told that the woman is dead.

Who is next? Some friends lead us to a woman sitting in the corner of the waiting-room.

Anxiety is expressed in her countenance. Her face is elongated. She seems in a pitiable plight.

"What is the matter?"

She tries to speak but her utterance is indistinct and her friends answer for her. "She was sitting outside the door the other evening talking. She yawned as we often do when sleepy. Something caught and she has been unable to close her mouth since. She cannot eat or talk and it aches constantly unless we give her an opiate."

She has dislocated her lower jaw. The medical assistant slips his thumbs into her mouth, presses down on the lower teeth, the jaw slips into place and the look on that woman's face is worth going across the ocean to see. One woman came to the dispensary who had been in such a condition for six months. The old point of articulation had been destroyed by disuse and the jaw had become fixed in its new position. Nothing but a severe operation could relieve her and the means were not at hand for performing it. She would have to pass through life with both jaws immovable and all use of her teeth lost. Could she have come to us when the accident occurred she could easily have been cured.

A boy comes in with his fingers spread apart and his arms held away from contact with his body. Scabies is another disease which flourishes where bathing facilities are lacking. The

Chinese have no sulphur to cure and no knowledge of how to escape contracting the disease. In America it is a source of humiliation to the patient and a source of amusement to his friends. In China it is a source of death. The disease, unchecked, spreads over the body, setting up abscesses by its poison and the patient may die of sepsis. The giving of a little sulphur ointment in China may mean the saving of a life.

Another group is calling for assistance. They are better clothed than the ordinary and their trouble has arisen by reason of their superior condition. One of their number has been under the treatment of a Chinese physician. The latter has used the usual method of acupuncture. Unfortunately for the Chinese doctor,—and the patient, the needle has been broken off just beneath the skin. He could thrust in the needle, but to extract the broken piece is beyond his power. So in their desperation and helplessness they have been driven to the foreign doctor. The broken end of the needle can be felt just beneath the skin. We inject a local anesthetic and soon present the patient and his friends the lost portion of the needle. Since they are rich enough to call a Chinese physician we are perfectly willing to accept a proper fee for our services. Why should we not? Have we not done what a Chinese physician was unable to do?

The Chinese are afflicted with *such* a variety

of digestive troubles. That they all drink hot tea and no cold water and that they cook nearly all the food used is doubtless the reason they are not swept off the face of the earth by pestilence. Each summer vast numbers of little children die as the result of injudicious eating and drinking. A hungry stomach will accept an article for food that a full one would reject in disgust. Rice is the principal food in Central China. Vegetables, meats, fish, etc., are treated as relishes. That which is cast away by the wealthier becomes food for the poorer classes. "All is fish that comes to the Chinaman's net." Be the animal freshly butchered or one that has died of disease, there is always some one ready for the feast, some one who will claim any part not desired by others who might have first claim and choice.

Thus all forms of digestive disturbances, from mere irritation to violent ptomaine poisoning, appear at the door of the dispensary. One says he has a ball in his stomach; another, a worm; a third cannot swallow; the stomach of a fourth is swollen and tense; and a fifth case may even claim to have a turtle wiggling around inside. Such may be their description of their cases but to the doctor falls the difficult task of ascertaining what these patients really mean and then finding the remedial agent which will heal or relieve. When a man is starving to death it is not medicine which he needs.

Patients suffering from many other varieties of troubles stray in. There are many who can be cured only by long and careful treatment. There are many who cannot command the proper environment for healing. Some cannot be cured at all. Daily is the heart of the doctor wrung within him. The surgeon must follow a skillful operation with an all-night vigil before he can bring some patient up from the jaws of death. An American physician once said, "We have so many hopeless cases, so many pitiful ones, that if it were not for the cases which we can and do relieve, we could well wish we had never seen the inside of a medical college."

The cases which the missionary doctor does heal and relieve are the ones which hold him to his post. Standing daily in the midst of suffering humanity, cooling fevered brows and comforting troubled hearts, the doctor finds his sufficient joy. If he were not there they would have no one else to whom they might turn for aid. Having once stood in that place of healing, the doctor could not leave them if he would.

Some day the doctor will be travelling over the country far away from that Chinese city he calls "home." He will be entering some village whose attitude is very hostile to the foreigner. Some one will step out from that mob and lead the doctor into his home. He will show the doctor such honour as he would to a prince.

Then he will turn to the hostile crowd and tell them how when he was sick and in trouble, this doctor came to him, took him into his hospital and healed him. Then the doctor will feel a little of that thrill of joy which must come to him who hears the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

III

STORIES OF THE HOSPITAL

AN old man and his wife who had been reduced to beggary by disease were found sitting at the gate of our medical compound. The woman, while a girl, had attracted the attention of a rich man by her beauty and had been taken by him as a secondary wife. From him she contracted disease which destroyed her beauty and, to a large extent, shut out the world from her. Her hearing was gone, articulation of speech was lost, one eye was destroyed and her face was left scarred and deformed. The rich man had lost all interest in her and sent her back to her parents.

A few years later this old man, then a strong, active stone-mason, came through the town where her parents lived. He wanted a wife but had little money to spend. He could get her cheap and so took her for his wife. Her disease was transmitted to him ; he fell sick and his strength was taken away. For several years they had begged from door to door.

It took them eight days to walk the twenty-five miles to our hospital. They sat at our gate

begging, not for money, but for healing. They had no money to pay for treatment or for food while being treated. It costs only one dollar a month to board the ordinary patient, so we decided to reward the faith that had brought them to us. The woman was beyond the reach of medicine but able to help herself. We could not give back to her lost hearing or lost tissue. So we turned our attention to her lamed and weakened husband. Slowly his strength came back and his sores were healed.

He would sit in the chapel at the morning worship, but he seemed so ignorant that it did not seem possible for him to comprehend much of the Gospel story. On Sundays he would hobble over to the church services. One day he asked for baptism. Of course we were surprised. But when we questioned him we found that while he could not repeat the Scriptures or read them, yet the essence of the Gospel had reached his heart and he knew in whom he was believing. He had comprehended the spirit of Christ and henceforth became His follower.

When he was nearly well again, he went out to one of the old buildings over the city gates, a place given over to beggars. There he partitioned off a corner and set up a little home. He returned to his old trade and began to earn his living once more.

One day we had some work needing the serv-

ices of a common labourer and called him to do it. He worked away diligently for a week. At the end of the time we brought the cash to pay him and poured it into his hands. He looked down at it and up at us with a troubled expression.

"Doctor, I do not like to take this money, for I feel that to take it is sinning against you,—or God, I do not know which."

It was his pay. He had done faithful work. Why should he not feel right about taking it? He was a poor man and lived by the labour of his hands. He could not live without wages.

"Doctor," he said again, "I came here four years ago, a broken-down, lame beggar. You healed me and gave me two good legs, so that I can work again like any other man. It was here that I learned about my Saviour and began to follow Him. All that I have and hope to have, has come through your ministries to me. Now, to take pay for this little amount of work, which I would gladly do to show my appreciation for what you have done for me,—it does not seem right. I feel that I am doing wrong to take it." Who would want to say that this man had not comprehended the spirit of the Gospel?

A poor farmer ran a thorn into his heel. The entire heel became inflamed. Gangrene set in and the flesh sloughed off. In this condition he entered the "beggars' ward" of the hospital in Nanking. He stayed there for some months and

the wound slowly healed. Then he went out and became a beggar on the street. The foot became worse and he came back to the hospital. In his leisure time he picked up copies of the Gospels and began learning to read. In a few months he was able to read large parts of the New Testament. He asked for baptism and after a proper length of time in which he showed his sincerity, he was admitted to church membership.

He began propagating the Gospel among the other patients in the beggars' ward. In a short time he found a welcome at the bedside of other patients. As a direct result of his work in the hospital, not less than seventy people were baptized.

In the northern part of Kiang-su province a missionary, while itinerating through a portion of the country hitherto unvisited by foreigners, was attacked by a mob who pelted him with mud and brickbats. He hurried along the street looking for a way of escape. A well-dressed Chinaman, who was standing at the door of a fine native house, saw him coming around the corner and, opening the door of the house, pulled him inside and shut the door upon the rabble.

The Chinaman apologized for the boys in true oriental style and asked the missionary if he would be willing to tell him and his friends about the "foreigners' Gospel." As long as he could stay in the place the missionary was royally entertained

and kept busy preaching to the host and his friends. A congregation of believers in that city is the result.

When the missionary asked his host the reason for thus befriending him and requesting the Gospel to be preached in his home, the Chinaman told the following story. Some years before, he had been in Shanghai on business. He fell sick and spent all his money. His landlord was about to turn him into the street when, through the intervention of friends, he was taken to Dr. Boone's hospital. The tender, sympathetic attention there received led him to listen to the Gospel. When he returned to his home he had carried away a desire to know more of this "heavenly doctrine," a desire he had treasured for twelve years with the above result.

Late one afternoon Dr. Macklin and A. E. Cory, two missionaries from Nanking, entered a market town, two hundred and fifty miles north of their home station. Tired with their long day's ride they dismounted and led their horses up the street looking for an inn where they might spend the night. No friendly innkeeper asked them to come in. All of their requests for lodging were met with a cold "no room." It was too late to ride on to the next village, and they might receive no better treatment if they did. What should they do?

Mr. Cory held the horses while the doctor stepped across the street to try his tact upon one

of the obdurate innkeepers. A well-dressed Chinese came leisurely along the street, picking his way over the rough cobblestones. At the sight of the usual crowd gathered around the horses he looked up and discovered the foreigner in the midst.

"Why, you are a foreigner," he exclaimed in astonishment.

"You are not wrong," wearily answered the missionary in Chinese idiom.

"Where are you from?" He seemed interested.

"Nanking." The missionary did not feel like talking. He wondered if the man would ask him if his saddle was made of leather, and what his shoes cost, and why he wore collars, and if they had the same sun and moon in America. They usually asked such foolish questions as these.

"Nanking!" was his next exclamation. "Do you know Dr. Macklin?"

"There he is over across the street."

The Chinaman walked across the street, got down on his knees before the astonished doctor and knocked his head on the ground in the true Chinese kotow. What was the matter? Four years ago he had taken his sick son to the doctor's hospital at Nanking where he was cured of his disease. The man had never forgotten the kindness there received. This was the first opportunity he had had to express his appreciation. He

took the missionaries to his own home and set before them the best that could be found in the town. His house was turned temporarily into a speaking hall and he himself reinforced the words of the missionaries by telling his fellow townsmen of what he had received and learned while at Nanking in the doctor's hospital.

A little fellow with hip joint disease, was brought to our hospital by his relatives. His father was dead and his mother had remarried and moved to a distant place. His trouble being of tubercular origin, the prognosis at best was doubtful. Should he recover he must still be a cripple for life. His mother was far away and his relatives had little love to waste upon him. His was a lonely, hopeless existence.

In the hospital his leg was daily dressed with tender care. The assistants watched over him. We fed him milk and gave him flowers. Simple books that he could read and bright pictures brought him daily pleasure. Such a case, for both patient and doctor, is a long and weary fight. One day, when he was seeming to grow steadily worse with little hope of ultimate recovery, we asked him, should he not recover, whether he would prefer going back to the home of his relatives or stay with us in the hospital.

"I know," he said, "that my relatives could not and would not care for me as you treat me here. But more than that, Mr. Tsu (the medical

assistant) has been teaching me about Jesus Christ and I would like to learn more about Him."

Thus another little life has had his burden lightened by the ministry of the Christian hospital. In his body has been worked out the contrast between heathen indifference towards, and Christian sympathy for, the suffering and neglected little ones.

After the missionary doctor has established a reputation among the Chinese as a successful operator, he finds it necessary to be careful as to what procedure he recommends a patient. Those who have come under the influence of his ministry learn to trust him implicitly. Has he not saved their lives and the lives of their relatives when there was none other recourse? With the utmost faith in him they lie down upon the table for an operation that may mean life or death.

One old lady came to Dr. Hart of Wuhu. She came only as a last resort for she had no regard for foreigners or their religion. Cancer of the breast was rapidly carrying her towards her grave. The operation was a successful one. While she lay convalescing in the hospital, she had time to see and time to think and hear. She gave herself to Christ and went back to her distant home a Christian.

Five years later she came again. The same trouble in the form of an axillary tumour had developed. With perfect confidence she made

the second journey to the hospital and placed herself under the doctor whom she probably loved next to her Saviour.

On the morning of the operation she walked into the room with a bright smile and lay down to sleep upon the table. For three hours the doctor worked among a most intricate network of blood-vessels and nerves to reach the root of the tumour. Her life hung by a tiny thread. But again strength was granted her and she went home with another lease of life. Is it any wonder that the Chinese, under such conditions, come to almost worship the missionary doctor?

Yet he cannot save all who come. So long has prejudice against foreign innovations been rooted in the hearts of the Chinese that only terrible pain or hastening dissolution of the body will drive them to the doctor's door. There are cases of disease which have been neglected so long that the body has become deformed, or new growths implanted, or poison has been disseminated through the system. The patient has come perhaps a hundred miles of weary road hoping that the missionary doctor might bring life and strength back to his broken body. It is hard under such conditions to shake the head and render a hopeless verdict.

And still, even in such instances, the hospital has its influence. There will gather around them in the hospital enclosure, the patients who

are staying in the hospital. These will tell the disappointed one of the wonderful cures the doctor is performing in other kinds of diseases. They will also tell of the tenderness and sympathy with which they are all being treated. And that patient will go back to his distant home with a dim vision of a Gospel of hope and love. Perhaps to his friends, gathering about him in the eventide, he will tell of the lame who have walked, of the blind that have been made to see, of the opium sot who has come away clean and that to all who visit that hospital there is pointed out a way whereby men may escape eternal death.

He will tell, perhaps in a distorted way, of a heavenly Official, who loves men and has sent a "Jesus," who died that men might live; and how these foreigners say that they are doing this work not for merit's sake but because this same Jesus has asked them to help the suffering ones in China. Only God knows how far extends the power of His Gospel through the healing agency of the mission hospital.

IV

IN THE OPIUM REFUGE

DOWN in South China near Foochow is a village of a thousand inhabitants. Missionaries have preached in that village for many years with scant results. Not long ago four opium smokers went down to Dr. Wilkinson's hospital at Foochow and were cured of the habit. One of them secreted some of the anti-opium pills given him at the hospital and when he reached home gave them to his wife and cured her of opium smoking also. All of them straightened up, regained their former elasticity and looked like new men.

A reformed smoker had up to this time never been seen in that village. The head men called a council, made up a purse of fifty dollars and through the local Christians, sent down a petition to Dr. Wilkinson. With the petition they sent a committee and a sedan chair. The doctor was invited to bring up to the village such retinue and remedial agents as should be necessary. The head men would agree to gather into their largest ancestral hall all the opium smokers of the village and give all possible aid to the doctor

in breaking these of their habit and driving opium out of the village.

Dr. Wilkinson consented to the agreement and found upon arrival a group of eighty men and nine women awaiting his ministrations. The influential men in the place took upon themselves the duty of aids to the doctor and right faithfully they carried out his orders. Every house and store was thrown open to his search. By their request he confiscated all opium and opium accessories found. They sent a petition to their district magistrate and secured an edict forever prohibiting the sale or smoking of opium in the village. In every way they coöperated with the doctor and held up his hands.

Two of the patients scaled the walls of the ancestral hall and banished themselves from the village. One feeble old man, who had used the drug for thirty-five years, was too feeble to endure the strain but he was tenderly nursed through the closing days of his life and in a few weeks passed away. With his death there passed out of the town the last opium smoker.

The remainder of the patients were taken through the three weeks allotted for the work. Those were strenuous days. Sometimes a patient would sullenly refuse the medicine. Upon the person of another would be found secreted pills of opium. Some other inhabitant of the town would be located who had taken the drug so

covertly that he had escaped the vigilance of his own townsmen. Day would be turned into night and night into day by the calls and moans of the distressed patients, now awakening from their long "opium sleep." Disease had started most of them into the drug habit and now, with the opium withdrawn, was remanifesting itself and demanding the attention of the doctor.

Realizing that unless a moral uplift accompanied the physical one, the effect of the work would be largely neutralized, Dr. Wilkinson made the religious teaching a prominent feature. Both foreign and Chinese evangelists aided him. In the presence of the ancestral tablets of thirty generations in that great hall, the saving power of Christ was taught in daily worship. The elders and influential men of the village joined in these services.

When the three weeks were over and the patients released to return to their homes, a great service of thanksgiving was held in the former chapel. It was too small for the crowds that pressed in. It continued to be filled at later services and a larger place was secured. The Church had become a power in the town.

Six months later a census of the ex-opium smokers was taken and it was found that only one had returned to his pipe. Of the rest *forty-three had enrolled themselves as enquirers and were seeking to be Christians.* The village was

clear of its former plague and prospering as it had not for generations.

During the next few years in China this experiment will be repeated many times. There are probably 40,000,000 opium smokers in the empire. The throne has put out an edict that the traffic must cease within the next ten years. Opium dens must close and farmers must cease to grow the poppy. The campaign has begun in many districts accompanied with great patriotic demonstrations. Foochow has closed three thousand dens on her streets. Shanghai has put out an edict to accomplish the same end. The people are ready for the change and demanding that the edict be carried into effect. For some years medical missionaries have found the opium refuge in constant demand and many smokers have gone out of the mission refuges testifying to the efficacy of the treatment received. Through surgical operations and medical relief given the mission hospital and dispensary has opened thousands of homes to the Gospel. What a marvellous opportunity is here presented!

Chinese physicians have no means of coping with the terrible evil and some foreign and Chinese druggists have intensified the problem by placing upon the Chinese market everywhere an anti-opium pill which contains morphine. A smoker has lost all his own will-power and is

helpless in the bonds of the habit. Not one in a thousand could, unaided, conquer the craving, if he should try. To the three hundred medical missionaries in China there has been opened a great and effectual door. Upon their shoulders will fall the burden of this stupendous task inaugurated by the government.

The effect of the drug upon its victims is to make them strangely inconsistent and wholly unreliable. It debases their moral nature. A man comes to the refuge really desiring to break away from the curse, yet he must be searched for opium pills which he has secreted upon his person. Often an extra payment as a guarantee of good faith is demanded to compel the observance of the necessary regulations. This is returned to the man when he leaves,—unless he has left too soon by the short route of over the wall at night.

The hold of the drug upon its victim is worse than alcohol. He must have his pipe every day and two or three times every day. Every day he must waste two or three hours upon the opium couch. He *has* to neglect his business. If his profits do not amount to a sufficient sum he must mortgage or sell his property to satisfy his craving for the drug. It is the curse of market towns where most of the business is done on market days. These places have usually two days in every ten in which the farmers from the surrounding country will gather in to do their buy-

ing and bartering. The remainder of the time is spent by the shopkeepers in lounging, gambling and smoking. The larger cities are cursed only in lesser proportion.

Medical missionaries have followed two methods in curing these patients. Those who have the time and money and those who have been using large amounts of the drug, are treated by gradually lessening the amount of the drug as the patient increases in strength under the influence of the hospital treatment. The majority of patients treated have little time and less money. These have their opium cut off at once and are only given doses of morphine at periods when the craving becomes uncontrollable. In the latter cases if the patient has not been using excessive quantities of the drug, the craving will disappear in three days. The physician has then before him the problem of overcoming manifestations of latent disease which the drug had been keeping in partial abeyance and the building up of a weakened body.

Those first three days are days of agony for the patient and days of wearying watchfulness on the part of the physician and his assistants. The patient has little control over himself and at any moment he may throw discretion to the winds and seek relief by escape to the opium den. Intense restlessness, weakness of the heart and muscles, numbness of the limbs, sleeplessness,

rheumatic pains, and an agonizing distress in the gastric region, are some of the torments endured.

How to control the mind of the patient is the key to all treatment. The same drug must be prepared in various forms. Electricity, massage, hot-water bags, sweat baths, appeals, commands and hypnotic suggestion find their part in the curative process. Flowers, books, pictures, the gramophone, the stereopticon, teaching of prayer, singing of hymns, and religious instruction all come into play in turning the patient's thoughts away from self and to Him who is able to keep unto the uttermost.

The implanting of a moral ambition is an absolute essential to the complete cure of a patient. The opium dens lining the streets, the smell of opium filling the air, the knowledge of the power of opium to relieve pain and the tempter offering the pipe while business is being transacted, are too strong an allurement to be resisted by the nerve tracks of one who has long been under the spell of the drug. When the claims of manhood and the hopes of eternity enter into consideration, the battle is half won.

Two young men came into our refuge. One used an ounce of the raw drug daily and the other was consuming six-tenths of an ounce. Both passed out of the hospital cured of their craving although it was at the cost of extreme suffering. Both were business heads of their re-

spective clans and had to be on the street much of their time. A business transaction in China calls for the pipe as one in America calls for the cigars or a drink. They both fell. One came back twice to overcome the craving but it is doubtful if either ever wholly conquered.

A woman was brought to us by her husband,—or the man who claimed to be her husband. She had smoked for a number of years. There is a looseness in marital relations among the peasant classes that is not to be commended. After she was first married her husband discovered her craving for the drug. She was too expensive a luxury for him to support and so at his first opportunity he turned her over to another man for a small sum of money. This operation had been repeated until she had been the wife of nine men. The last one had heard of the opium refuge and conceived the idea of compelling her to break the habit.

He left one of his daughters-in-law to care for the woman, while she remained under our care. The woman persuaded the daughter-in-law to go out secretly and buy opium for her. At the end of the allotted time the husband came down to take his wife home only to find her still addicted to the drug. He persuaded us to allow her to remain in a little longer while he stayed with her himself. This time the cure was effective. But with no moral influence controlling her, such a

woman will return to her pipe when the restraining watchfulness of her husband is relaxed.

Contrast with these the following cases. A young Chinese had listened to the Gospel and changed his life until nothing but his opium craving stood between him and his fully obeying Christ. He plead with the missionary to aid him in overcoming the habit. The missionary had no experience in such a line of work and hesitated about attempting the task. The Chinese said that if the missionary would just give him a room and lock him in it, he would willingly make himself a prisoner in order to overcome the craving and become a Christian. It was finally done. Food and drink were furnished him and prayer was daily made in his behalf. The young man fought the battle through and has been a steadfast, consistent Christian ever since.

Evangelist Shi Gwei-biao of the Christian Mission in the Yangtse valley is a striking example of the power of Christ to save and keep a man from the curse of opium. He was a brilliant story-teller, earning large sums of money on the streets and at festivals. For twenty years he travelled over the country. He spent his money as fast as he earned it—all at the feet of the opium demon. He fell into complete beggary and associated with his fellow kind, living under bridge arches and broken ruins.

A copy of the Gospel of Mark accidentally fell

into his hands. He used its stories to replenish his stock in trade. The life of a convert to Christianity here and there attracted his attention and the vitality of the Gospel, as revealed in their lives, drew him to Christ. Had not that light come to his soul, his physical nature, so long outraged, would not have granted him the now twenty years of life he has so nobly spent in the service of the Master.

It is an axiom that an opium smoker cannot be a Christian. So the determination to break away from his pipe was the natural outcome of his desire to follow Christ. In Dr. Macklin's hospital Shi conquered and fell, conquered and fell, until the conception of the power of prayer led him to his knees before the Lord where he gained his final victory. That experience in the school of prayer has led to his winning nearly threescore of men and women to Christ.

Heretofore heathenism, feeling no responsibility of brotherhood, placed no barrier in the way of any evil which might seek entrance into China. Opium found little moral opposition to its destroying progress through the empire. From the buying of India's crop China proceeded to the planting of her own poppies until she made her supply of cereals inadequate to feed her starving millions.

The Anti-Opium League, an organization originated and fostered by missionaries, has pub-

lished and scattered literature in Europe, America and China. This society has carried on a campaign among the Chinese which has finally culminated in the famous Opium Edict. The leaders of the people and the people themselves are now rising up and demanding its enforcement. Opium smoking officials and others who derive profit from the sale of the drug, are its opposers. But every paper brings accounts of the growing sentiment for the carrying out of the edict. The day is coming when China will be as free of opium as is Japan; and the day is also coming when in China as in America there will be recognized the responsibility of brotherhood.

V

THE MISSIONARY COMPOUND

THE term "compound" is applied throughout the Orient to any piece of ground used by foreigners, which is enclosed by walls and upon which are erected buildings. The term is supposed to have been derived from a Malayan word meaning enclosure. The missionary compound may contain buildings for the missionary's home, kitchens, both foreign and Chinese, servants' quarters, stables, hospital, school, or chapel, according to the needs of the work.

The erection of mission buildings in a Chinese city means permanency of Christian influence in that city and surrounding district. Henceforth those buildings are to be an important factor in the city's history. They will affect every interest in the government, morals and religion. They will stand as a silent rebuke to graft, official injustice, immorality and idolatry. They will become synonyms for the Gospel in healing and education, hope and love.

The boundary wall is from seven to nine feet high. It gives security, prevents pilfering and grants privacy. A Chinese thief will rarely climb

over the wall of a foreign compound. If he cannot come through the gate, he will prefer to operate elsewhere. The wall, shutting out undesirable characters, causes light fingered servants to be more cautious about the disappearance of small things. It makes them responsible for the things in their charge and insures a minimum loss to the missionary. The Chinese have a superabundance of curiosity. Among themselves they have little privacy. When they have been given opportunity, they have crowded into the mission compound and violated every right of privacy which Anglo-Saxons hold so dear.

The boundary wall also hedges back the immorality and contagions which flourish in every heathen city. Outside the compound vice and immodesty walk abroad with shameless publicity. Year by year smallpox, cholera and fevers sweep off the Chinese people. The missionary home has little children growing up within its gates. Those children have the same rights to moral purity and protection from contagion which children in Christian lands enjoy.

The compound is a haven of rest to the missionaries. When a long day of conflict with strange tongue and alien customs has closed, tired nature demands relaxation for mind and body. Then this little oasis in the great moral desert of heathenism becomes a sweet resting place. It is the missionaries' only refuge. There

with their little ones, the father and mother can throw off the restraint under which they have been labouring all day and find peace.

The compound walls enclose an acre of ground, more or less. The home is placed near the centre. The other buildings are ranged near the walls. The intervening space is filled with flowers and vegetable garden, fruit and shade trees, grape arbours, lawn tennis and croquet grounds. Missionaries endeavour to transplant a counterpart of the home-land surroundings into the heart of an alien country. It makes the burden of the work lighter and bears a peculiar lesson to the Chinese people.

The boundaries of the place may be very irregular. A grave may be near the edge and the wall will have to be built around it. Graves are found everywhere in China. An irrigating ditch which has to follow the undulations of the ground may determine a part of the boundary. A well dug long ago by a syndicate of neighbours, may have been placed just on the line. Being common property, the missionary finds it difficult to obtain possession of it. It is less nerve-racking to build an unsightly crooked boundary wall than to wait for the termination of endless bargainings and wranglings over rights and prices.

Brick is the cheapest and most enduring building material obtainable. Those used in the boundary wall are an inch thick by four inches

wide and eight inches long. One course is laid flat; the next is laid on edge with cross brick for binding the wall together. This makes a box-like formation which is filled with broken brick or mud, making a very enduring and solid wall. Such a wall costs about three dollars and a half per ten feet, the contractor furnishing all materials.

The house is built of regular size building brick. These cost less than four dollars a thousand. They are usually of an ash or smoke colour but are quite as solid as the American brick. Ningpo carpenters and masons who have had large experience in the erection of foreign buildings, have done most of the building work in the Yangtse valley. They make contracts to erect the buildings. They use local men to do the work, they themselves acting as overseers. The missionary is usually his own architect. The best masons and carpenters will receive perhaps twenty-five cents a day while the common labourer will be given six cents and his food. The missionary must watch over every brick and timber as the contractor will be gone much of the time and the workmen are past masters in the art of doing work not according to the plans laid down. Exactness is a lost art to them.

The missionary home with ground and accompanying buildings, will perhaps cost $3,000 in American money. The plant is the property of the missionary society and is built with the idea

of permanency. Missionaries may be changed from station to station as emergencies arise. They may have to return to their native land by reason of failing health or may die, but the work goes on and some one else comes to occupy the home. The compound and the new church built up in one of their cities are the two permanent factors on the mission field in China.

It is strange how many servants will gather about a mission home. There are the cook and the wash-boy, the gateman and the cow-man, maybe a house woman and a mail-boy. But what are the missionaries to do? The city has no corner grocery or meat market with telephone and delivery wagon. There are no laundry man, coal-yard, dressmaker, hardware or department store as we know them in the home land. Only recently has it been that interior places had the luxury of the imperial post-office. But the whole retinue of servants do not demand more than is paid to a single American servant and they board themselves. The cook is paid about four dollars a month. The others vary from two to three dollars.

If a chicken, a fish, or an egg is needed, the cook must go out on the street and hunt about until he locates some one who has the article to sell. Many articles in common use cannot be found ready made and each must be bargained for. It takes time to talk price. Commodities

of which a quantity is needed, must be ordered in advance and are delivered a little at a time. It keeps the cook busy. The cooking of food is the least of his troubles.

The wash-boy washes and irons the clothes (including the collars and shirts), cleans the floors and windows and runs errands. The gateman keeps out undesirable characters, introduces visitors, hoes in the garden and saws the wood. The house woman aids in the mending and sewing, does the chamber work and watches over the children in their ramblings.

And the cow-man, what does he do? Why does a missionary keep cows? Why does he not buy milk of the Chinese? And if he is going to keep cows why cannot the wash-boy, or the gateman, or the cook, be persuaded to milk them? In the first place, the Chinese do not drink milk, eat butter or milk cows. They use them for plow animals. In the second place, there are no fenced lots for pasture. Some one must watch them while they are feeding lest they destroy surrounding gardens. In the third place, Chinese cows have never had their milking qualities developed and give about as much milk as a goat, hence a considerable dairy must be kept to supply milk and butter for an ordinary family. So many cannot be tied out as might be done with one cow in an American town. Therefore, some one must be delegated to look after the

cows, some one whose perpetual business is to care for them. There are between ten and twenty head of big and little cattle in the missionary's ordinary herd.

But if a goat will give as much as a cow, why not keep goats? Some missionaries do and they find them as troublesome as a herd of cows. The only difference is the amount of money invested. The Chinese eat pork and very little beef. One tires of chicken and fish when these become the daily diet. When the Chinese do have beef for sale it is that of an animal that has grown too old for service. So each winter, from his own herd, the missionary can supply this lack and know the quality of the meat he is eating.

The truth is, condensed milk and canned butter (oleomargarine) cost as much as the entire expense of a dairy, including the wages of the cow-man. Pasture costs little. During the short winter months one only needs stables, some rice straw and a little grain. During the summer the cow-man's wages are the only expense.

The Chinese have no tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, beets, parsnips or squashes. Neither have they grape-vines or berry bushes. These readily grow in the Chinese soil and it is a pleasure and profit to introduce them. They have figs, little yellow cherries, persimmons, pomegranates, pears and peaches, but even these are rarely all seen in one region,—except by the

work of the missionary. So the compound becomes an exhibit of horticulture, bearing its lesson to the Chinese and ministering to the health of the missionary family.

Sweet-williams, pansies, carnations and many other of our flowers were never seen in China until the missionary planted them there. When shade and fruit trees dot the yard, foreign and native flowers deck its borders and a lawn spreads over the intervening space (the Chinese never have lawns), the place becomes a beautiful soothing prospect to the heart and eyes of the dwellers there. *It is home.*

The brick, the cows, and the servants are Chinese, to be sure, but all the remainder are matters of wonderful curiosity to the Chinese visitors who flock into that yard. The garden, the arrangement of the place, the plans of the house, even the timber in the house are foreign production. The matched flooring, doors, windows, joists and great roof timbers all grew on the slopes of Oregon and California. The Chinese have denuded their hills until they have very little valuable timber. Oregon pine is shipped to Shanghai in the form of great timbers. From there it is freighted up the Yangtse and rafted to interior points. It occupied many days of time for the Chinese sawyers with their slow method of hand labour to turn those timbers into doors and windows.

But nothing pleases the natives better than the flowers. They look into the face of an innocent pansy and turning to the missionary ask, "Where did you get them? Do you raise them from seed? Is there any place we can buy the seed?" We dig up a pansy, root and all, place it in the hands of the eager questioner and watch as it starts on its mission. The tiny flower is taken to a home where its strange face is viewed by all who come into the place. By and by the receiver comes back. In his hands, or the hands of a servant, is borne a rose-bush, a chrysanthemum, or other native flower. A heart has been opened to the influence of the Gospel and the key was a pansy blossom.

A poor old gardener comes frequently into our compound and moves among the curious flowers and shrubbery. He is a flower lover but he never asks for plants unless there are more than we will use. He never forgets the obligation. When some one in the foreign home is sick he will bring a full blooming aster, dahlia or zinnia. In the quiet of the evening we will sit on the rude bench at the door of his little hut and tell him of the One who loved the lilies and flowers of the field.

Another feature of the compound in the interior are the horses and donkeys When journeys are to be taken, it is not easy to hire suitable animals. So many are sore-backed and un-

derfed. So the missionary must keep his own. While not in use upon the road, the donkeys become perambulators for the mission children. There are no smooth walks and streets upon which buggies and wagons can roll. Thus the donkey is brought into requisition and the children learn to ride before they are able to walk.

The little two-year old baby, who is learning to speak Chinese as fast as she is lisping English, will go on a hunt for her favourite among the servants. "Lao Wang, O yao chü lü-dz" (Old Wang, I want to ride the donkey), is her call. When she finds the man she will lead him to the stables and stand by while he fastens the basket-like saddle onto the donkey's back. Then she will reach up her arms to him and he will put her upon her throne. He is her abject slave and she is his little queen. They would risk their lives for these little ones.

Do the missionaries eat with a bowl and chopsticks? Is the food cooked in Chinese style? Just as it has been found unwise to live in the low, damp, unhealthy Chinese houses, so it has been demonstrated that it is better to eat food prepared similar to that which has been eaten in the home land. Missionaries learn to like an occasional meal cooked in Chinese style and the children enjoy it even more than the parents. Upon the itinerating journeys Chinese food is eaten exclusively. But the daily fare is the same as in the

home land. The cook receives his education in the preparation of foods from the missionary wife. He becomes proud of his ability to turn out foreign dishes. On special days like Thanksgiving and Christmas, he is in his glory. There will be company. He will have an opportunity to reveal to them his skill in preparing food which their servants cannot produce. Does it not all bring glory to his mistress who has taught him?

The garden, dairy and street furnish many things for the table. In the open ports, along the rivers and coast, Chinese have opened what are called compradore stores in which can be purchased many kinds of foreign goods. A servant and a donkey can be sent to these points for things lacking in the larder. The main things like sugar, salt, vinegar, canned goods, spices, breakfast foods, etc., are bought in large quantities in Shanghai or by mail order from America. These stores are arranged upon the shelves in the lock room and stand ready for any emergency. Missionaries upon evangelizing trips or visiting other stations, visitors from across the seas studying missions, business men, railroad surveyors and government representatives are among the visitors who drop in upon the mission home at interior points. A glad welcome awaits them all. Visitors do not come that way every day. The lock room is made to yield up its secrets and in a little

time the visitors, be they two or ten, are called to a well-spread table.

Somewhere about the place is likely to be found a workshop. It may be in the attic or in some side building. It is the magician's secret room from which are produced corner couches, little tables, playthings for the children, window-seats, stools and other little articles so necessary in the house. Boxes which have brought goods from across the ocean, disappear into this workshop. They are carefully taken apart. That rough box lumber is precious in China. The same carpenters who built the house can make articles of furniture. Other pieces are bought in Shanghai and a few choice articles have come from the home land. But out of those boxes come the little details which add to the convenience of the place. Perhaps a local carpenter has been taught how to produce these odd pieces and thus relieve the busy missionary,—but more of that in another chapter

VI

THE MISSIONARY HOME AS AN EVANGELIZING AGENCY

THE Christian home, planted in the midst of heathenism, is one of the greatest evangelizing agencies known to Christian missions. It is an exhibit of Christian civilization. The Christian man and woman, who occupy the missionary home, stand before God and their fellow men as equals. They find in each other's society, companionship and fellowship. They are capable of mutually counselling and advising. Their every relationship is marked by the love of Christ. Heathenism has no such exhibit.

Sometimes there starts a young woman for the mission field. On board the same outgoing steamer is a young man who has consecrated his life to a like purpose. These two meet on board the steamer, are drawn together by mutual aims, find enjoyment in discussing their plans and ambitions. The old, old story is reënacted upon that ocean voyage.

When friends in the home land receive the news of the engagement and marriage of the

young woman, there is a tendency to criticise her action. They had sent her out dreaming that she might become another Miss Agnew who should mother hundreds of heathen girls. Now they imagine her usefulness as a missionary is gone and she will be only a missionary's wife,—as if in that capacity she could not be a missionary.

She has probably done what she ought to have done. She has linked her life with the man with whom God intended hers should be linked, and she is going forward to establish a home which shall be a living witness of the elevating power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Is it not from the home that light radiates forth to enlighten the nations, or darkness goes out to enshroud mankind?

This does not mean that single women are not needed. They *are* needed and wonderful is the part they play in the elevating of heathen womanhood. They have freedom to travel and enter the homes. To them is granted the privilege of meeting heathenism in its citadel, the heathen home. But to the married woman is given the opportunity of revealing to heathenism Christianity in its citadel, the Christian home. Often she, too, ministers in those darkened homes and teaches classes of women who come within her reach but it is in her home where she reigns as queen. Before this, her throne, even

Missionaries turning aside from their conference to an afternoon tea.

The author's home in Chu Cheo, China. His dispensary is seen at the right.

heathenism bows in acknowledgment of the supremacy of Christianity over other religious systems.

A Christian home is scarcely opened in a Chinese city before it becomes the centre of interest. Crowds of men and women (they never come singly) come knocking at the compound door until the first few months slip away and time has been found for naught else but entertaining the visiting neighbours. Everything in that new home has been minutely investigated. The smooth level floors, the windows and doors with their fastenings, the fireplaces, mantels, stoves, carpets, pictures, chairs, whitewashed walls, dishes, sewing machine, typewriter, books and bookcases (even an old Chinese teacher's library will not have more than forty volumes of books), the cushions, clean bed linen and comfortable beds,—these all are marvels of interest to millions who have been passing like an ever-flowing stream through the hundreds of Christian homes planted over the hills and plains of China.

Every act of the husband towards his wife, or the wife towards her husband; the care and attention they give to the children; the manner in which the children are corrected and governed, and the education those children show, are closely watched and commented upon. They see a woman who is *educated*, who has judgment and

authority in her home, who exacts and receives love, even as she gives it to her family. It is a wonderful revelation to the Chinese. That revelation is the force which has revolutionized China. Armies and navies could not have produced such a stupendous change.

Suppose we contrast a Chinese home. A native man and woman never walk on the street side by side. The family do not sit down together at the table and eat their food. Men do not stay around home and enter into pleasant conversation with their wives. The women are considered incapable of acting in such a capacity,—and they are incapable. A Chinese woman is little more than a child grown tall. Her only education is that of experience and she has learned it in an evil school. She has very little refinement. She knows no other way of obtaining what she calls her rights than by secret conniving or open quarrelling. A family quarrel is carried to the street and the neighbours must be called in to mediate and reconcile the couple.

The character used to designate the word "home" pictures a pig under a roof. That is all their homes are, merely shelters. Even the women and the children prefer the open air to staying within doors. An American farm barn is more habitable and better constructed than some of the buildings in which Chinese officials live.

The majority of their houses have only "mother earth" as a floor. The donkeys, cows, farm utensils are intermingled with the family quarters. Beds for men and feeding-troughs for animals are in close proximity. An easy-chair or a clean bed is rarely found in a Chinese home. Glass windows are a recent innovation and only rich homes display them. What wonder, then, that the missionary home should be so attractive and there should spring up in the visitors' hearts a longing for such comforts and such love in their own homes?

They are copying those Christian homes. Questions are being asked the missionary doctor concerning hygiene and sanitation. Dirty pools of water are disappearing from before the front doors of their homes. Little children are being dressed more respectably and with due attention to social purity. One man was rebuking another for continually quarrelling with his wife.

"Everybody does the same. Why should not I?" was the retort.

"The missionaries do not quarrel with their wives," thoughtfully answered the rebuker.

As we are called to the Chinese homes in our ministries, we notice little innovations. A baby is being expected in one place. Ordinarily the Chinese wait until the baby comes, before preparing the clothing. Why should they do otherwise? So many babies die at birth. To prepare cloth-

ing and not use it would be a waste. For the first few days the little one's nest is within the bosom of its mother's clothing. But in this home we find them preparing clothing for the newcomer and even copying the model of the missionary's baby. They have called the carpenter to make a cradle that it may have its own bed instead of having it sleep with its mother.

In another home are found better constructed chairs. They are also glorying in the possession of a locally made rocking-chair. A travelling photographer has passed through the place. Members of the family or the family group have sat for pictures and these are framed and hung on the newly whitewashed walls. Sheets are appearing upon the beds. Small stoves are creeping into the houses. Teachers are taking newspapers and other periodicals. Books on modern subjects are being placed on their shelves.

Influential men among them, after watching the mission home, have said again and again, "May the day soon come in China when we can have educated and cultured womanhood in our homes." They are taking practical steps towards the education of their girls. Mission schools for girls they loyally support. When told how a man in America may win a woman to be his wife and they have contrasted such a method with their own customs, it has required no argument to

prove to them which is the better way. It is impossible in heathen countries to grant the advantages of social intercourse between young people of opposite sex.

A Chinese rarely sees his wife before she is bound to him in marriage. She is selected by a middleman, usually some old woman, whose only care is to see that the horoscopes of the contracting parties agree and that she gets her fee for arranging the engagement. The bride is brought to the home of the bridegroom's parents in a closed chair. She is completely enveloped by her red wedding garments. Her face is hidden behind a thick veil. She is met at the door by the bridesmaids, two old women, who lead her to her future husband. The prostrations are made, the intermingled wine drank and the entire ceremony completed before the bridegroom is allowed to lead her to the bridal chamber and there lift her veil and look upon her countenance.

But what difference does that make to a man living in a land where woman is only regarded as a necessary appurtenance for the propagating of the family lineage? He does not look to his wife for happiness. She could not be a companion to him. He will obtain social pleasures in the company of men. As for her, his mother will look after her conduct and see that she takes her place in the economy of the household. That there could be congenial fellowship between a man and

his wife was not conceived by them until the missionary home revealed the fact.

A missionary mother was starting with her children for the home land. For nearly eight years she had been amongst the people of that city. She had been in the homes of the Christians. Some of the babies had received their first bath from her hands. The women had come to her with their troubles when they could not summon courage to meet the medical missionary. She had made garments for their children. She had listened to their wrongs. She had found solution for many a little difficulty. Even the men had not been ashamed to learn of her and be guided by her counsels.

She had watched over the work when her husband would be out on evangelistic tours or meeting the mission committee on business. She had weighed wood and straw and paid the labourers who had carried in the load on their shoulders. They had stood aghast at a woman capable of doing such a mathematical task. They were certain no Chinese woman had such ability. She had presided at her table with culture and ability when some of the higher classes had visited in the mission home. They had marvelled at such refinement in woman.

Now she was returning to her home land. She had come unbidden to their midst. She was going away followed by their respect and love.

It was only a mile to the riverside where she was to take the boat. She had walked that mile many times. But she was not to walk it this time. The Christians had called a sedan chair with bearers. It was the only practical thing they could do to show their respect.

When the time for starting arrived the chair-bearers had disappeared. They saw in the affair an opportunity to demand exorbitant fees and had slipped out of sight until more money was offered them. When the Christians apprehended the situation they put their own shoulders under the poles of the chair and carried that foreign woman to the river bank. Seven years ago they would not have done that for a foreigner, be he man or woman.

Upon the river bank they stood and tried to express their farewell salutations.

"May your whole journey be one of peace."

"May you have joy in meeting your parents again."

"We will pray for you all the way and may you pray for us."

"The whole church will be as one pair of eyes looking for your return."

That is what they tried to say. The tears covered their cheeks and blurred their eyes. The unbidden sobs came and choked their utterances. They stood on the bank a silent, sad

group as the boat slowly swung out into the stream and floated away.

"If you want to convince a man let loose a life at him. Talk is cheap, but the logic of a life is irresistible."

VII

THE GOSPEL THROUGH A BRACE AND BIT

TSIH GWEI-LING drifted into Chu Cheo providentially. He had spent the best of his life working along the lines of least resistance or being led by his impulsive heart. His career had begun at Wuhu, where, after Chinese fashion, he had cemented brotherly relations with another young carpenter, named Bien, to whom he had been drawn. Later he had eloped with his employer's young wife. His employer had himself been criminally careless about his wife as most opium smokers are likely to be, but that did not excuse Tsih's act.

Tsih settled with his ill-gotten wife in a town about a week's journey (two hundred miles) away from Wuhu. There was no danger that his former employer would follow him or trace him that far. A position as runner in the official yamen was secured and with it a living was sure. He had plenty of idle time on his hands. It gave him liberty to drift in where anything interesting might be happening.

A mission street chapel had been opened by some Presbyterian missionaries. Tsih mingled with the crowds who flocked in to see the for-

eigners. He came again. The Gospel story interested him and soon his name was on the roll of enquirers. In due time he became a member of the church. He did not say anything about his relations with the woman he called his wife. He did not see any special connection between his religion and his general conduct. To him the Christian doctrine was better than that of heathenism. The utterances of the Bible concerning future life and the manner of obtaining it were clear and definite. He was not a student and did not trouble himself to gain more than a surface knowledge of the Scriptures. That there were certain material benefits accruing to those who held connection with the foreigners and their religion, was of greater interest to him.

That exception might be taken to certain past acts of his life did not trouble him. He would take care that those facts did not reach the knowledge of the foreigners. When the passion was on him he still held a position at the gambling table and played until his last cash was gone. Any bully looking for a quarrel always found him ready to stand up for his "rights." Why should he not drink wine if he liked it? So the missionaries remained in ignorance of some very important acts in his life's drama.

His wife became sick and, as a sequel went temporarily insane. She asked to be taken back to her childhood home near Lu Cheo Fu and as

it was a sufficient distance from the home of her first husband, he took her to the place. He stayed by her, nursed her through all her dementia until health came again. They had learned to love each other. Perhaps they had loved each other from their first associations. Heathenism has so little to make the marriage tie sacred that they would have seen no wrong in forming such an attachment.

When she recovered her mental balance he went back to his carpenter's trade to make a living and, seeking work, drifted into Chu Cheo. A local carpenter took him on as an assistant. One day Tsih, in adapting himself to his new surroundings, discovered that the scrolls on the door of a neighbour's house, bore evidence of a connection with the Christian Church. Since he also had professed to be a Christian, he introduced himself and began to investigate what amount of material aid he might gain in associating with the Chu Cheo church. Mr. Wang, this Christian neighbour, was in our employ and knew of our need of a carpenter. So he advised Tsih to bring his wife to Chu Cheo, rent a house, set up business for himself and await developments.

We did need a carpenter. In a town of ten thousand people there was not one good one. Such as there were, could make only rough Chinese furniture. Even the Chinese had to bring

all their better class of furniture from Nanking. The work about a mission home was so different from what they were used to doing that, even though it guaranteed good pay, they were unwilling to learn how to do it. Our blinds would come loose. We needed to have shelving put in and pieces of furniture made. Small outbuildings must be erected. It was too costly to send to Nanking for men to make such repairs. We had no time to do them ourselves. It required too much time to gain the help of the local men and outwit their trickery when they did come to help.

Tsih began attending the Sunday services and, in course of time, Wang brought him to our notice. We were told of his connection with the church, of the sickness through which his wife had passed and of his coming to town seeking for work. Wang did not seem to think it necessary to enter extensively into any other features of Tsih's life. Indeed, it is doubtful if he himself knew of them.

Tsih came into our study one day. We told him of our dilemma in getting carpenter work done and asked him if he were willing, for a proper compensation, to do work under our supervision. When we were not using him he could work elsewhere. Of course he was willing.

We tested him on various little pieces of repair about the place. He listened to our instructions

and did his work well. Our dry-goods and grocery boxes he turned into needed pieces of furniture. We searched catalogues for patterns and described them to him. We made a paste-board model of a garden wheelbarrow and gave the measurements. He turned out an excellent barrow but came to us for help in making the wheel. He wanted to put an iron rod through the axle. The Chinese usually burn such a hole through with a hot iron. He had been in our shop and seen us use a brace and bit. For the first time its possibilities dawned upon him and he wished to test it in making the hole for the axle. It worked its way so quickly and smoothly through the wood that the superiority of some foreign methods permeated his mind.

That event was the beginning step in his uplift. He began to study the pictures of our catalogues. He tested the tools we had on hand. He experimented with a foreign plane iron and found it would hold an edge better than the Chinese plane irons. Then he made requests for the purchase of a saw, hammer, files, screws, locks and hinges. The quality of his work improved and repaid the extra trouble which the buying of the tools caused us.

He made a bookcase, typewriter stand, chest of drawers, beds for the children and a glass case for surgical instruments. He studied rattan work and turned out chairs. He learned how to paint

and put successive coats on the buildings. He took contracts for the smaller outbuildings and made a success in their construction. When one of the schools of western learning in the town wished to introduce military drill into their athletics, he took the contract for producing wooden guns of regulation size and shape. Not another carpenter in the place could have made them.

That is the story of how he became the leading carpenter in Chu Cheo. Very closely interwoven with that tale are the successive steps by which he rose from the place of a nominal Christian to being a real one. As the brace and bit opened his eyes to better methods and finer skill in his trade, so also they paved the way to a more sympathetic fellowship with Christians and a deeper appreciation of the Christian life. Prior to this time there had not come to him the experience of other men showing an unselfish interest in his welfare. Christianity was revealed in a new light. He saw the relationship between brotherhood and true religion.

He seemed to have always had a kindly nature. His voice and manner were pleasing. He was good to his family. He was a willing worker. Having declared his connections with the church, Tsih attended services regularly. There was a happy fellowship among the circle of Christians in Chu Cheo and they welcomed him to it. He closed his business on Sundays

and brought his assistants to church. His wife came with him and, showing a good life, was soon a member. A Christian Endeavour society was organized and Tsih became an active member. All was going smoothly on the up grade.

But old habits are not willing to be buried so easily. Even past records, which we think so securely hidden, are liable to reappear. Tsih rented rooms in a building adjoining those occupied by another servant of ours. While the latter was away on business, a little irritation between the two households started gossip. A little difference grew into a matter of great importance. "Face," so precious to the average Chinaman, was in jeopardy. Both men became proudly unyielding. To them a pitched battle seemed the only solution to the problem. Tsih had the most conscience in the matter and made weak attempts to settle the affair but, when the other servant started the battle, he met him half way.

It happened very suddenly one morning in our compound. Drastic measures had to be taken to bring them back to their senses. The experiences of the weeks following, when we were trying to reëstablish peace between them, revealed to us the difference between a good man and a bad one. We saw that the course of Tsih's life was going up; that of the other man was hurrying downward. One was slowly

drifting away into an evil life; the other was seeking to overcome the evil of a past life.

Later there came another revelation of Tsih's past life. As he had prospered since coming to Chu Cheo, he cast about for some one to aid him in his growing trade. He bethought himself of Bien, the Wuhu carpenter, with whom years before he had cemented brotherly relations. They had agreed that should one of them become prosperous, he should give the other an opportunity to share in the good fortune. So Tsih went privately up to Wuhu and sought out his friend. Bien had not succeeded in his business and gladly accepted the offer. He brought his family with him to Chu Cheo.

Both men had married since parting and knew nothing of each other's wives. When the two women met they found they had also known each other in previous years. Bien's wife was a natural gossip and this morsel of knowledge was too good to keep. All of Tsih's life in Wuhu and his relation to the woman he called his wife, which he had thought so securely hid from his associates in Chu Cheo, came to the surface. It was a hard blow to receive just when he was on the up grade to a better life. He loved the woman who had borne his children and she loved him. Yet, legally or morally, she was not his wife.

He met the situation manfully. His wife was put away for a time and of his own free will he

went to Wuhu to, if possible, straighten out the tangle. Fortunately for the case, the former opium smoking husband had succumbed to the drug and was dead. Tsih went to the relatives of the man and entered into an agreement with them by which he agreed to pay over to them a proper sum of money for his wife. In the eyes of the Chinese world, this action on his part made her his legal wife.

When he reëstablished his home life he was cleaner and stronger spiritually. He had made what restitution he could and, once more, looked the world in the face. His pocketbook was leaner but he and his wife were happier. In the blessing which followed, even Bien became a Christian.

The mission was opening new resident stations in Bo-djou and Nantungchow. Some one was needed who could convert the temporarily rented Chinese buildings into semi-foreign residences, in which the new missionaries might dwell. When residence had been established land would be purchased and healthful sanitary foreign buildings would be erected for permanent occupation.

Local carpenters in those places would not know how to do the work. General contractors could not afford to take such contracts. Tsih was asked for and went out to the larger service. Under the strain of difficulties other faults were revealed in him. He had not become freed from the

Chinese system of graft. He allowed his quick temper to pass beyond his control and injured one of his assistants. When he came to himself he humbly acknowledged his faults and made restitution. Tsih fell but he rose again. That was the glory of it all. He was not content to lie in the slough but would climb up again and seek to cleanse himself of the stains.

His wife became temporarily insane a second time. He went to great inconvenience to please her irrational requests and gently cared for her. He gradually ceased to quarrel. An insulting landlord struck him with a piece of crockery. Tsih did not retaliate. He was reviled and he reviled not again. He made good his word. He would acknowledge his sin. The Chinese are so slow to recognize this act of grace. Slowly he gained the confidence of the Christian leaders. His life was coming into harmony with his faith. He studied his Bible and taught it in his home. Some of his apprentices became Christians. In leisure time he went with groups of workers and preached on the streets and in the homes. When the leaders of the district conference were casting about for a man beyond the ranks of the evangelists, who could, by character and ability, fill the position of president to that body, they found in him their man. Who shall say that even a brace and a bit may not become an evangelistic agency?

VIII

THE NEW AGE IN CHINA

THIRTY years ago the first railroad was built upon Chinese soil. It ran from Shanghai to Woosung on the sea. It was a fine sample of the products of civilization. The Chinese looked at the railroad, thought of the possibility of its disturbing their dead ancestors and, through them, the entire Chinese economy. They bought it up and cast it into the sea. A little later they rebuilt it. That railroad has now been extended inland until it is completed almost to Nanking, two hundred miles away. Beyond Nanking surveyors are laying out lines which, when finished, will connect westward with Hankow and northward with Peking. Trains are running on a completed railroad connecting Hankow and Peking, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles. Another railroad between Hankow and Canton is in process of construction. The Germans have constructed other roads through the heart of Shantung. Thirty years has wrought a great change in the attitude of the Chinese towards railroad building.

The old fashioned Chinese soldier is rapidly

disappearing. An umbrella and a fan made up part of his equipment and many carried bird-cages about with them. Upon the front and back of their uniforms was sewn a circular piece of bright cloth upon which was inscribed the name of their company. That circular piece of cloth made an ideal target. An enemy would have to be a poor marksman, indeed, if he could not, at least, wound one of them. The guns, carried by these soldiers, were those cast off as obsolete by the European governments. Li Hung Chang bought them up at a low figure and sold them to the Chinese government for several times the price he paid for them. That is one source from which he obtained his wealth.

It has taken but three years for the viceroys, Chang Chi-tung and Yuan Shi-kai, to produce a modern army of 250,000 well-drilled soldiers. Their maneuvres on the plains of Honan and Shantung have amazed the army experts of the world. It seemed an impossible task to produce so great a change in so short a time. The Chinese soldiers now march to the sound of modern military music and are, for the first time in China's history, singing national songs and hymns. They are dressed in modern uniform and carry modern rifles.

The government of Peking has issued an astonishing array of edicts. The queue, that ancient badge of servitude to the alien Manchu

rulers, is no longer coerced upon the Chinese and a half million have cut them off. The binding of the feet of the little girls is becoming less and less popular. No official, who now allows it in his household, will be permitted to hold public office. The ancient penal codes, under which criminals were executed in all manner of horrible ways, have been done away. The extortion of confession in court by torture has also been abolished. A constitution is being prepared and a currency system unified and brought under one centralized control.

One of the most wide-sweeping reforms is the recent opium edict. The government has decreed that within ten years opium must be abolished throughout the empire and its use by the common people cease. Every farmer must diminish his present crop annually by one-tenth. Every smoker must diminish the amount he consumes in a like proportion. No man under sixty years of age will be allowed to continue its use. Any official, who persists in smoking the drug, shall be barred from office and any official, who shall be able to stamp it out of his district in less than the allotted time, shall be promoted.

When we consider that there are probably not less than 40,000,000 who are under the bondage of the drug in China, we begin to realize the stupendousness of the task confronting the government. When we consider farther that certain

unscrupulous foreigners and Chinese have been putting upon the market in large quantities a so-called anti-opium pill, which contains morphine, we see the immense difficulties which confront the officials in carrying out the edict.

Not long ago three foreigners took a house-boat trip up the Yangtse River, stopping two or three weeks before each of the large cities situated on the banks of that river. In nationality they represented the three countries of England, Germany and America. To introduce their goods among the Chinese they placarded the walls of those ancient cities with advertisements of cigarettes and gave away thousands of the cigarettes to the people.

Those men were representatives of the worst type of our civilization. Licentious and vile mouthed, they spent their leisure time in drinking and carousing. Many of those employed in surveying and engineering the new railroad projects and the opening of mines, are of a like type and only accentuate the difficulties in the way of those progressive Chinese who would transform their country.

Telegraph wires connect all the larger cities in the empire and the Imperial Post-office is rapidly opening branches in every portion of the country. In the last six years one hundred and fifty newspapers have been started. Peking, the home of the first daily paper in existence, has

now ten daily newspapers and one is published by a woman for women.

Great publishing houses have sprung up and are producing uncounted amounts of literature. Educated men are in great demand for translation work. Booker T. Washington's book, "Up From Slavery," and other similar works are being translated into Chinese and have a wide reading. From the Japanese many works on education, science and philosophy have been put into the Chinese language. Through this source the works of Voltaire, Huxley and Spencer have been introduced and are leading the educated Chinese from Confucianism to atheism.

Thirteen hundred years ago when Europe was largely a savage wild and inhabited by our untutored forefathers, China, already civilized, was inaugurating her wonderful code of education and civil service examinations. Unchanged they have come down to the beginning of the present century. Recent edicts have abrogated this ancient system and ushered in modern educational methods.

The extensive examination halls, in the important literary centres, have been torn down and modern school buildings erected in their place. Other cities throughout the empire have erected similar modern buildings. They are all being furnished with the best equipment known to modern education. Idols are being cast out of

their temples and destroyed. Desks and blackboards are taking their places.

A curriculum, modeled after those in other countries, has been published with the seal of the emperor and copies have been placed in every official city. Full explanatory notes accompany each copy. The course prescribed will carry a pupil from the kindergarten to the end of a university training. By the help of the missionaries and Japanese educators, a series of school books to match the prescribed course, has been hurried into existence and publishers are rushed to supply the demand. One official in West China was so anxious to begin operations at once, that he ordered the books by telegraph (a much more expensive proceeding than in wire-bound America) and ordered that they be sent by mail. It cost him nearly two hundred dollars for postage but the books reached him in a third of the time required for the slow moving Chinese freight system.

Schools are being opened for girls as well as boys. In some places little children of both sexes attend school side by side. In other places separate schools are opened for the girls. Under the patronage of the Empress Dowager a lama's temple in Peking has been appropriated for a girls' school and no bound-footed girl is allowed to attend its sessions.

The demand for qualified teachers has been

far in excess of the supply. Graduates of mission schools have found positions with large salaries awaiting them. Japanese have been called to many of the positions but so many of them have been second and third rate men that they have not been universally satisfactory. The Chinese are sending the brightest of their young men to Japan to study western learning. They have been going over at the rate of five hundred a month. In Tokio alone there are fifteen thousand Chinese students. Something like fifty thousand Japanese are in China at the present time. It is easy to see how Japan is gaining the preponderance of power in the empire.

Because of the impossibility of obtaining an adequate supply of capable teachers for the new schools, confusion has reigned within. Chinese, who knew almost nothing about the subjects they were supposed to teach, have deceived those in authority and brought reproach upon the schools. Men who have not spent six months upon the language, have held the position of teacher of English.

Such unsatisfactory conditions have brought about a reaction in favour of the mission schools and colleges. Influential men have brought their children to our schools and plead that they might be accepted. They have willingly paid all expenses and made no stipulations as to regulations and courses of study. When faced

with the possibility of their children becoming Christians they have, in instances, declared their willingness that their children should become converts to the Gospel. A number of men in high positions are Christians. The admiral of the Chinese fleet in the Yangtse waters is such a man and his sons are being educated in Christian schools.

Educated Chinese of the old school who have been foremost in bringing about the new era, find the conditions have progressed beyond their leadership. The theory of the new education they have learned through the papers and magazines. But its application is incomprehensible to them. They have never seen a modern school in working order and they have no normal schools in which they might learn the application of the methods. They are too old to enter school themselves.

In the interior they are appealing to the only one capable of aiding them, the missionary. To him they are coming. For the first time in the history of China missions, the door to the educated classes is wide open. Atheists, though these leaders are, they have placed themselves under Christian influence for the sake of being able to cope with the present crisis. They have willingly studied the Scriptures along with their secular studies and some are being turned to a belief in the One God.

Among other edicts which the throne has been issuing is one making Sunday a legal holiday. It applies with special force to the new schools and the new army. These men are seizing all possible opportunities to gain a knowledge of things western. Whole schools of students and companies of soldiers have walked into the Christian chapels and churches on Sunday morning. Chou-fu, when governor of Shantung, began the work of introducing the Bible among officials. He said that ignorance of the Bible had been the cause of all past trouble between the Chinese and foreigners. He demanded of the officials under him, that they should make a careful study of the Bible in order to an understanding of the missionary propaganda. When he became viceroy at Nanking he sent another order for Bibles to the American Bible Society and distributed them among the officials within his jurisdiction. Other men in authority have adopted the suggestion and have placed the Bible in the new schools as a text-book in order that the rising generation may not make the mistakes their fathers have made.

In the six years following the Boxer uprising Christian missions in China have received an unprecedented number of converts. Over fifty thousand have been gathered in within that time, a third of the entire Chinese Christian

Church. The record of these six years is greater than that of the first sixty years following the arrival of Robert Morrison in China. In 1806 when he entered Canton, he was opposed by both the Chinese and foreign tradesmen. He lived in a cellar. A curtain had to be hung before the one window of his quarters to hide the light of his candle. In secrecy he learned the language, translated the Scriptures and produced that stupendous work, the dictionary of the Chinese language. When after six years of labour he had the joy of baptizing his first convert, this, too, had to be done in secret. Upon the mountain side, in a pool made by the mountain stream, out of the sight and hearing of men, he baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the first Chinese won by Protestant missions.

Last year in that same city fifteen hundred Chinese Christians met together and pledged seven thousand and five hundred dollars towards the erection of a Morrison memorial building. One hundred years has wrought the change. Through all of that time missionaries have been beating away at the seemingly impregnable walls of China's exclusiveness. Men and women have laid themselves down upon the altar of service, laboured and died for China. Before that unceasing attack those walls have crumbled and fallen. The answer to a hundred years of prayer

has come and China is prepared to receive the Gospel.

"The Lord shall sever the sea;
And open a way in the wilderness
To faith that follows, to feet that press
On into the great To Be.
The Lord shall sever the sea."

IX

WORKING WITH THE NEW ELEMENT

ABOUT the time that the ancient system of education in China was being abolished by the government, an opportunity presented itself for opening a day-school in Chu Cheo. Some years before the mission had operated a school in that city, but it was in the days when the Chinese were antagonistic to all things foreign and the pupils who came to the school were from the indigent classes. Even they would have refused to come had not tuition, books and schoolroom equipment been furnished free. It would have been found impossible to have introduced into the school modern school methods.

The conflicts with foreign nations in which China had involved herself, together with the Russian–Japanese War, have produced a complete change in the attitude of many Chinese leaders. When the educational edict was sent out from the throne, it found the leaders ready to receive it. We would have had as great difficulty in opening our new day-school on the old Chinese lines as would have been experienced in the first

school opened there had the missionaries attempted at that time to introduce modern methods.

However, we found another stumbling-block in the road. The Chinese were seeking to open modern schools for themselves and were not anxious to patronize the missionaries. We furnished a building in an attractive manner with blackboards and maps. A graduate of a mission college was obtained as teacher. Advertisements were posted announcing the opening of the school and soliciting students. The teacher occupied the building for a half month with one lone pupil.

Just at the time when it appeared that the school would be a failure two men, twenty-five and thirty years of age, paid us a visit. Mr. Djang was from a near-by country district. Young as he was, he had been called by his district to the place of chief counsellor or elder. He was a fine example of what a strong belief in Confucian ethics can do for a man. He was a perfect gentleman. Mr. Hwang, the second man, was the youngest son of one of Chu Cheo's wealthiest homes. Both of his older brothers had successively occupied the position of chief counsellor in the town. One of them was at the time connected with a reform newspaper. The entire family are in sympathy with the new movement in China and recently opened in their own home

a modern day-school in which boys and girls are admitted on equal basis.

"You do not seem to be able to obtain a sufficient number of children for your day-school. What would you think of our enrolling as students? Your teacher is capable of instructing us in modern studies. We are too old to enter our government new schools and yet, if we are to retain our places as leaders in this new era, we must become conversant with western learning," was the plea of these young men to us.

"You can yourself see," they continued in their earnestness, "that we cannot continue as leaders unless we know how to lead. And if we do not continue as leaders, China will become disordered and confused and fail in her attempts to reform. We, who have the only education China has ever given the people, must lead in the search for modern education. We need your help. Will you not teach us?"

It was a new plea from a new source. Never before had the educated classes expressed any desire to learn of the missionary. These young men were willing to pay all expenses, see to their own board and observe any necessary regulations. We did not, could not, refuse such a plea and thus began our work with the influential classes in our district.

Their coming at once attracted attention to the school. It was not long before ten young

A group of influential Chinese who studied with the author.

Chinese school children at the Chu Cheo dispensary.

men and ten children were enrolled. It was beyond the limit of one teacher's ability to handle such a school and we were compelled to take time from our medical and evangelistic work and aid in this new field.

The question of religious instruction confronted us from the beginning. In a day-school for children the day's session was ordinarily opened with religious exercises. The reading of the Scriptures and prayer must necessarily be an important feature as we are primarily in China to Christianize her people. But these young men were not idolaters but atheists. They were students of Voltaire, Huxley and Darwin. Would we be able to win them to Christ by arbitrarily compelling them to daily repeat the Lord's prayer and sing hymns?

"When one does not know what to do, it is better to wait." We studied the problem and prayed over it. Such a school was a new venture and had no precedent by which it could be guided. It is often easier to drive a man away from Christ than to win him to Christ. We wanted to win them.

It was surprising how the subject of religion would constantly arise in the class room. The young men were in an enquiring state of mind. In the study of geography they saw that where heathenism reigned, there was also barbarism and savagery. In those countries where Christ

was being exalted, civilization and learning were making the greatest progress. In the most natural way we would find ourselves discussing together comparative religions and the relation between religion and social progress.

Still the Scriptures, as such, were not being recognized in the school and we came to the conclusion that, to be true to our mission, the Bible must have its place in the daily work. We told them that, since our business in China was to preach Christ, we could not carry on the school unless we were given freedom to bring the Bible before them. We did not wish to force Christianity upon them but they should be willing to search for truth wherever it might be found. We would recognize it when found in their Confucian classics. They should be willing to accept it when found in the Christian Scriptures.

The first effect of the announcement was the shrinkage of the class of young men from ten to three,—but they were the best three. The others showed a greater anxiety to be popular with their fellow men than to become leaders of the reform movement. Their coming into the school had already brought down upon themselves the taunt of following the foreigner. If it should be known that they were reading the foreigner's Bible, the situation would become unbearable. So, with finely veiled excuses for absenting themselves, they withdrew from the school.

The three who remained included the two men who first entered the school. These voluntarily drew up a few statements in which they expressed themselves willing to read and discuss the Bible, abstain from opium and wine and uphold a perfect moral standard while in the school.

So began our battle between atheism and Christianity. Since their language is full of classical sayings, they found wonderful pleasure in reading the book of the Proverbs and comparing their own pithy sayings. When Genesis was read and the discussion as to the possibility and probability of a Creator and Guiding Hand being back of this universe was introduced for the first time in this ministry, we were called upon to prove the existence of a God.

Exodus was read and the beginnings of law was brought to their attention. Then the New Testament was searched to find what Christ and Paul had to say on the same subject. When the young men proposed for the next readings a study in the life of Christ, we felt that we were gaining ground.

During all this time there had appeared a reluctance on the part of the young men to attend the church services. Those who have been won in times past, have been largely from the common and uneducated class of Chinese. The services had to be suited to their understanding.

These educated young men found very little attraction for themselves in such a meeting.

To meet this difficulty an hour on Sunday mornings was set apart in which we could meet with them and more definitely discuss religious and moral questions. They willingly prepared essays on idolatry, pauperism, ancestral worship, the existence of life after death, the existence of God and kindred subjects. A discussion of the paper would follow and sometimes the following Sunday would be devoted to answering some of the vital questions they had introduced.

Once, when the question of the possibility of the origin of all matter by chance was being discussed, we told them that if they could persuade the common people of the inertness of idols and take away from their hearts all reverence and fear of things spiritual, China would have a counterpart of the French Revolution within her borders. Fear of demons does more to hold the Chinese people in subjection than all temporal authority. Let that fear be removed, and worship of nothing else be substituted, and the common people would rise immediately against the oppression of their rulers. The young men saw the logic of the statement.

"Can it be, then," they asked, "that Christ saw this longing of the human heart for an object of worship, this longing for an after life in which rewards and punishments would be justly meted out, and so originated the Christian system

of religion?" They soon saw the utter impossibility of originating false history without its being refuted by men of the same age. In a carefully written paper, given shortly after, they accepted the existence of life after death and stepped out of the ranks of atheists.

Meanwhile they were invited to social lunches and parties in our homes. They enjoyed the foreign doughnuts, coffee and cake. They entered heartily into games and informally discussed sociology. The vision of educated, Christian womanhood presiding over the home life made a strong impression upon them. They entered into conversation with missionary mothers. Customs in regard to courtship and marriage were discussed. They were getting acquainted with women whom they could honour and respect. There was being born within them a hunger to be pure in heart. Social purity was being placed on a new and higher basis. That social reform should become a part of China's new era had not impressed them before.

They sat down with us at the table. They heard the blessing of God asked upon the meal. They were guests at a table around which were gathered the entire family. They were learning the use of the knife and fork. At the same time they were gaining a knowledge of home life, which was vitalized by the presence of God. They saw its effects in ennobling man and

woman, in beautifying child life. They had been studying Christianity in the Scriptures. They saw its supremacy over other religious systems demonstrated in the missionary's home.

The school continued for two years. Other young men came in and joined the three who had remained with the school. Those who had left asked to be allowed to reënter but the time for furlough was at hand and the school had to be closed. Had we effected any change in the life and thought of those young men? We longed to know and one day asked the question, "What do you think of the Scriptures?"

"We find no fault or untruth in them," was the unhesitating, though obscure, Chinese answer.

"Do you believe there is a God?"

Note their reply. "We have not seen Him, nor heard His voice. But we know there must be a carpenter back of a table or chair. We should not show ourselves to have wisdom if, in face of all the orderliness and harmony in this world, we did not believe that back of the tree, the summer and winter, the storm and the sunshine, the swinging of the worlds in space, there is a Creator, a Great Orderer."

Not long ago Mr. Djang said, "When I began studying western learning, I thought that that was what China needed to become like other nations. Now I know that the Gospel must accompany the learning if China would become truly great."

X

SEEKING FOR STRAWS OF HOPE

THERE has been much talk in the past about "The Light of Asia," and the ethical code of Confucius. Men have deplored missionary activity among the Orientals, saying that they had religions of their own and it was not right to force an alien religion upon them; that they were living up to the light they have and would probably be judged by that standard.

The fact is the nations of the Orient are *not* living up to the standard of their religions and they themselves keenly realize it. They have sinned against the God or gods revealed to them by these systems of religion and, being without a Redeemer, have found themselves without a straw of hope.

The most pathetic thing about heathenism is the constant groping in the dark for some way out of the pit into which sin has cast them. The failure to live up to their moral standards has brought upon them an abject fear of demons, and a desperate seeking for means to propitiate them. Sickness, drought, famine, fire, flood and death itself, are believed to be inflicted upon

them by demoniacal powers. Their religious activities consist in being careful not to anger the demons, in seeking to deceive them, trying to ward them off or propitiate them. The measures they use to bring about these ends are largely of a material nature.

Within their walled cities very rarely will a street run directly from one gate through the city to a gate on the opposite side. The demons might enter a gate and, sweeping through in a straight line, entirely destroy the place. But it is supposed that they are unable to turn sharp corners. So up in the heart of the city, one street ends abruptly against a solid wall and one must turn a sharp angle and cross to another street before reaching the one that passes out the opposite gate.

The people erect a screen just within the front door of their homes. It effectually hides from public view the interior of the home, but, more important, it furnishes a sharp angle as a barrier to the possible entrance of evil spirits. Upon the brick chimney of their cooking range each New Year they paste the picture of the kitchen god. He is supposed to watch over the conduct of the members of the family. He sees all their wrangling, hears all the gossip and knows all their deeds, good and evil. At the end of the year they take him down from his place and burn the paper upon which his picture

is printed. He is supposed in this manner to return to his master in the spirit world and render an account concerning the conduct of the household. The family are keenly aware of the evil record they have made and so, lest the kitchen god tell it all, they take a little honey or molasses and smear it on the picture over his mouth. This will compel him to tell a sweet tale about their actions for the year.

A company idly enter a temple and sit down to gamble. Lest the idol see them doing this evil deed, they bind a cloth about his eyes and then gamble on in peace. When, after long pleadings and many offerings, an idol does not respond to the request of the worshipper, the people have been known to bore a hole in the back of the idol and place therein a live scorpion to wake up the idol.

A little baby boy coming to a home finds a welcome. Not so with a little girl. The boy is necessary to the perpetuation of the family name. A girl goes to another home and will do nothing to continue the posterity of the line from which she has sprung. Hence the boy is looked upon with importance and the girl as a burden. The Chinese believe the powers of darkness recognize this distinction. A demon, naturally, when striking a home would aim at the most vulnerable point. The boy *is* that vulnerable point. So endeavour is made to deceive the demons by

disguising the boy as a girl. Girls wear earrings. Invariably in the ear of the first born boy is hung an earring. Sometimes the boy is dressed in girl's clothes and given a girl's name.

To many the Chinese worship of ancestors and their filial piety has seemed a beautiful ceremony. It is a beautiful *ceremony*, but it is not much more than that. In most cases it has degenerated to a fear lest the spirits of the parents come back and bring calamities upon impious children. In the spring-time a woman goes out to a grave and sitting down beside it, begins to weep and lament. There is no sorrow in her mourning. It is mere form. Men burn incense, imitation money, and candles at the graves of their dead parents. They did not trouble themselves about the wishes of their parents when the latter were living. They would not worship at their graves now, did they not fear the power of invisible spirits. "The letter killeth; it is the spirit that maketh alive."

There are uncounted suicides in China. They are an inheritance from Buddhism. The people have been taught that the spirit of a murdered man can come back and curse his slayer. Abuse or outrage a person in life and calamity will follow the culprit after the death of the injured party. Women whose lives have been made unbearable; men who have been trodden under the feet of one stronger; those who have no other

resource for redress will obtain a sufficient amount of opium and, going to the door-step of the one who has wronged them, publish abroad the wrong committed by dying there. In one city of five thousand people in one year there were not less than fifty suicides. The misery of their present lot and the desire for revenge so possesses their souls that even the fear of death is lost. What a commentary upon Oriental religions!

The retrogression of the Chinese nation can be traced to this fear of demons. Their fathers followed certain customs and methods and the nation was prosperous. Would that not argue that such customs and methods were satisfactory to the powers of darkness? It were safer to follow in the footsteps of their fathers than to experiment with new methods which might arouse the anger of demons. Coal mines, railroads, new machinery, deepening of canal beds, all are untried operations and might invite calamity. It were wiser to abide by the ancient methods than to invite disaster.

This fear of demons has made China, like all heathen countries, a breeding ground for all manner of superstition, quackery and exorcism. Fortune-tellers and charlatans have grown rich by playing upon the imagination of the people. The locating of lucky spots for graves, the direction towards which the front door of the home

should face, the determination of a lucky day upon which to begin a journey or have a wedding, all call for the presence of such men.

Li Hung Chang, great a man as we have considered him, when he wished to fix the location for a family burying ground, appealed to a fortune-teller. The inhabitants of a near-by market town heard of the matter. They saw an opportunity to aid the great statesman in unloading a part of his enormous wealth and made a league with the fortune-teller. The graveyard was located directly across the main road leading into their market town. Li Hung Chang bought the spot at a great price. Travellers going to the market town must now make a circuit around the burying ground in order to reach the place, but the city elders fattened their pocketbooks in the deal.

In one home to which the charlatan had been called to locate the proper burial spot, reverses came to the family in rapid succession. They called back the man and since he had guaranteed to select a lucky place, demanded of him that he make good his guarantee. He revisited the spot and made farther investigations. He found that luck had departed from the place since he had selected it and offered to find a better piece of ground,—for a consideration, and the family paid it.

A mother is deluded into the belief that the

spirit of a dead babe may at times be coaxed back to the body from which it has departed. In the evening twilight one may see a basket sitting by the side of an earth-god shrine. From a little distance away the voice of the bereaved mother comes floating to our ears. "Little Love, come back, come back." The basket contains a little garment and some appetizing food. Will not the sight and smell of things familiar to the little one bring it back to its former surroundings and cause it to enter the body once more? Oh, the hopelessness of the heathen mother's cry!

There came to a Chinese home three girls in succession. They longed for a boy. What heathen home does not? The fourth baby came and their cup of happiness was full, for it was a boy. The many-coloured eggs, announcing the happy event and calling for the congratulations of the neighbours, were sent to every home on the street. The baby grew for six months into a fat chubby boy, then suddenly it died. There was a world of helpless despair in the voice of the father as he took the beloved little form into his arms and wailed out his woe. "Oh, my flesh, my bone, my life, my baby boy!"

In the darkness of the night he took the little body and buried it without a single funeral rite. He believed a demon had come to his home and cursed it. After that first cry of anguish he went

on with his business and no word of the loss could be drawn from his lips. How could he do otherwise? He stood in abject fear lest the demon should return and bring other calamity upon his home.

This fear of demons explains the inordinate love of the Chinese for wealth. Wealth and happiness with him are synonymous. Why should they not be? With money he can buy up opportunities for graft. He can purchase official position. He can distort justice and escape punishment. He can build about his home and life a wall that will keep out retribution, the inquisitiveness of official parasites and even the swift and terrifying vengeance of a united clan of poorer folk.

Considering that hell is very similar in organization to the Chinese yamen, why can he not purchase his way through purgatory and make a final escape into the realms of eternal bliss? When one becomes so great as a viceroy or prince he may even buy from the emperor the title of a god and not only escape any possible punishment in the after world but at once be raised to a position of honour and power where he may still farther influence the destiny of men who live after him. Then get money and, while getting it, get plenty. So the Chinese learn to walk over the prostrate forms of their brothers for gold and make suffering-stricken humanity a ladder by which they may ascend to heaven itself.

In the face of these time-honoured customs and ingrained beliefs, it has been a superhuman task to impress the Chinese with the value of a better way. Yet the changes now taking place in the empire show it not to be an impossible task. The missionary has been compelled to recognize the attitude of the people towards their religious beliefs. He has had to acknowledge his own inability to change the conditions. Nothing short of the power of God could have broken down these Chinese walls. It required the constant manifestation of that infinite power in the living missionary to affect the wonderful ends attained.

Missionary homes, erected for comfort and convenience, unhampered by superstitious dread of danger hovering about changes in architecture; haunted and unlucky buildings of their own, rented by missionaries and successfully used for chapels and schools, have made the people doubt the power of evil spirits. Land for Chinese Christian cemeteries has been purchased without the aid of the fortune-teller. Lectures in chemistry, experiments with electrical apparatus, modern surgery and medicine, the use of the microscope, have revealed to the Chinese hitherto undreamed of forces with which demons have no relationship and have proven master agencies in obtaining a favourable hearing for Christianity.

XI

DO THE CHINESE CONVERTS MAKE SINCERE CHRISTIANS

TWO mistakes are being made concerning the type of Chinese who compose the rank and file of converts. Foreigners who are unfriendly towards Christian missions declare that there is not a sincere Chinese Christian convert, while supporters of Christian missions have received an impression that a convert from heathenism becomes at once a steadfast, enthusiastic, spirit-filled follower of Jesus Christ. Both parties are wrong.

Opposers of Christian work in China are found among steamship officers, keepers of hotels and other business men whose own lives are inimical to Christianity. These men disparage the work of missionaries and say that they are living luxuriously in fine houses and doing more harm among the natives than good. Many sincere Christian business men are found in the mercantile centres of China who are loyal supporters of mission work, but it is a sad commentary on civilization that large numbers, who leave their own lands to engage in business in the Orient, have gone into voluntary banishment from their

native lands, because their evil lives made living among old associates obnoxious. The spirit of restless adventure has led them to seek a place where they might cast morality to the winds. The influence of these men among the heathen is one of the worst obstacles against which missionaries must battle. It is not strange that such men see nothing in Christian missions worthy of their approval.

But have Christians in the home land the right to expect that a Christian born out of heathenism shall at once become a perfect moral character, an achievement which has been found impossible of accomplishment even among converts in civilized lands? Back of the American extends a long line of Christian ancestry reaching into the dim past. Back of the Chinese convert is a clear line traceable many times farther, a line perpetually enshrouded in paganistic darkness. Surrounding the convert from heathenism are gathering still idolatrous influences, holding him down and clouding his mind and heart. The new Christian in America finds himself surrounded with all the elevating influences of a Christian nation. Let us be just to the Christian born out of heathenism and not expect too great a change in him at first.

Physicians say the proper way to treat a sick person is to have begun with his grandparents. A missionary acknowledges the same truth in

the laws of heredity, when he speaks of the superiority of a second and third generation Christian over one just born out of heathenism.

When a Chinese has been enrolled in the membership of the church, he has merely placed himself in a position in which he may begin to imbibe the spirit of the Gospel. He is giving the missionary an opportunity to mould another distorted life into the image of Christ. The new Christian must be fed as a babe. The missionary is given access to his home and family. The connection between religion and life can be taught him. Clean language, kindness towards one's children, parents, wife and servants; the value of prayer and family worship, of rest on the Lord's day and worship with His people; the education of children, necessity of living at peace with one's neighbours; all these lessons can now be taught to the new convert with the possibility of his seeking to do them.

To the medical missionary comes the privilege of instructing the new babe in Christ concerning the desirability of observing the laws of hygiene, sanitation, quarantine and preservation of health. These whose lives have been so evil must needs be rebuked many times in regard to gambling, graft, lying, stealing and quarrelling with neighbours. They must be taught social purity and enlightened upon the grace of giving. Over and over must these lessons be given. In summer

heat and winter cold, on the road, in the home and in the Lord's house must the missionary be instant in season and out of season, rebuking, exhorting and encouraging. It is so hard for them to connect conduct and religion, to understand that Christliness is living like Christ.

The miracle of missions is that some so early grasp the essence of the Gospel and become spirit-filled followers of Christ. On the other hand, the thing that breaks the missionary's heart is to see some one, for whom he has laboured so long and suffered so much, some one, who for a while seemed to catch the Spirit of Christ, reveal himself in the end as an arch deceiver and rush back into the old life of sin and again become openly what he had been all the time secretly.

Again we repeat it. The miracle of modern missions is that so many grasp the essence of the Gospel and become living examples of the power of Christ to transform man. How often during the dark hours of the Boxer trouble did this fact stand out illuminated in the martyrdom of some Chinese Christian. The bowing before an idol, the burning of a stick of incense, the lighting of a candle in the temple would have saved lives, but men died rather than compromise with idolatry. They were bound and cast into graves. They were buried by inches but they held fast to their faith. They stood calmly by while their

relatives and friends were beheaded and went calmly down to death with a prayer on their lips. Their enemies stood amazed at their steadfastness. When Christians might have escaped they turned back to warn the beloved missionaries. When left alone at their posts the evangelists and preachers went on encouraging and strengthening the trembling church. Enemies loitered in and told them that to-morrow the buildings would be burned and their lives taken. Their characteristic answer would be, "I have lived in the church and it will make a good coffin in which to die."

This same steadfastness has been manifest all through the history of mission work in China. Up near Hankow a weaver, while sick in the mission hospital, learned of Christ and followed Him. He went back to his brothers and told them of his new faith. They stormed, plead and threatened but he refused to leave Christ. They compelled him to do his full quota of weaving, hoping to hinder his attendance upon worship and wean him from his new life. He worked his loom until midnight on Saturday, walked a long distance on Sunday morning and returned to his loom at midnight Sunday in order to do his share of the weaving. The neighbours advised him to leave his brothers and offered their homes as an asylum. He refused their kind offer and kept at his self-appointed task. "If I leave

them," he said, "they will never become followers of Christ." In ten years he had won the last one of them and then they turned to him and said, "You go out and preach and we will support you."

We opened in Chu Cheo a chapel on a main thoroughfare and discovered after it had been rented that we were directly opposite a blacksmith shop. The fronts of both buildings being entirely open to the street, the pounding on the anvil on the one side made preaching on the other very difficult. We wondered if we had made a mistake in renting the place. Very grateful were we when at times the pounding would cease and the blacksmith would be seen sitting on the benches listening to the preaching. After two years we gave up the place and rented one situated in a better location. The only person directly won by the two years of preaching in the place was the blacksmith himself. He began working quietly among his neighbours. They, too, had often sat and listened to our preaching. He gathered them into his shop for an evening reading of the Scriptures. When he could persuade his assistants to come, he would bring them to the Sunday services. At the call for volunteer street preachers he was always ready to respond. A number of his neighbours have already confessed their faith in Christ.

One morning while we were holding worship

with the hospital patients and servants, a young man rushed in and disturbed the worship. A severe attack of fever had deranged his mind and left him temporarily insane. His parents were unable to control him. There are no asylums in China for such unfortunates. Heathenism is not philanthropic. As long as he harmed no one he went where he pleased. One who becomes violently insane is shackled and chained. This young man became the sport for children upon the street. They would follow him, jeering at him and pelting him with sticks and mud. Chinese would drive him from their doors with curses. He would come into our medical assistants' room and slyly make away with pencils and pens. They bore with him patiently and treated him gently.

When he recovered his mind he did not forget the treatment he had received, either from the heathen or the Christians. He asked our servants to buy some Christian literature for him and invited them to the place where he worked. One Christmas day one of them came to us with the request that a Mr. Wang wished to be baptized.

"But who is Mr. Wang?"

"Don't you remember," they said, "that crazy fellow who used to come in and disturb our meetings?"

Yes, we remembered him. But had he recov-

ered and did he know anything about what becoming a Christian means?

This is the answer he gave us. "When I was sick, I received very different treatment from the Christians than I did from my own friends. I knew it then and have not forgotten it now. Since I have recovered, I have been studying your Bible for I thought if becoming a Christian means to treat people the way you treated me, I wanted to become one."

Upon the day on which we commemorate the birth of our Lord, Mr. Wang was buried in baptism with his Master and made the day his birthday in the new life. Little did we suppose that we would be able to win a soul by being gentle towards one thus deranged.

In the Nanking Christian College there was a young man who, while a member of the church, was careless about his religious life and work in school. His teachers looked upon him as one of the hopeless ones. He had plenty of ability but little ambition.

Dr. Li, a Chinese whose soul is filled with the burning power of the Holy Spirit, has been in recent days going up and down the Yangtse valley stirring the Church and imparting to them a knowledge of what Christ can do in the Chinese Christian. He came to Nanking and for two weeks gathered the students of the various colleges into daily meetings. One of the first stirred

by the preaching of Dr. Li was this heretofore careless student. He surrendered himself to God and went to work. He went to his non-Christian parents and plead with them until he broke them down and won them to Christ.

In the college he began with a small group of the students and became their leader. They stirred the school. The spirit spread to the Christian Girls' School, resulting in the conversion of a number but, more important, transformed the life of the entire student body. They banded themselves still closer together and went out on the streets and in the chapels on Sundays preaching the Gospel.

When the summer vacation came they planned a more far-reaching campaign. Instead of spending the time teaching private classes in western studies and earning money for themselves, they went out, two by two, to all the stations and outstations within reach carrying the inspiration to other bands.

The girls likewise visited places within their reach and came back bearing witness of the accompanying, protecting power of God with them in the ministry. Men and women were led to confess hidden sins they had been harbouring. Timid disciples of the Master caught the fire and became active witnesses for Him. This revival in the Yangtse valley is only one of many that have been taking place all over China. Dr. Li,

the evangelist, revealed to those students a conception of Christianity which the missionaries had been unable to impart, but even beyond the work he did, before the local circles were reached, God stirred a careless young student to action.

Many more illustrations will appear elsewhere showing the reality of Christianity among the Chinese. Remember, however, when meditating upon them, that human nature is everywhere the same. Other things being equal, the power of the Holy Spirit operates upon the heart of a Chinese, Hindoo, German, Englishman, or American in practically the same manner and with the same results. Be the skin of a man white, black or yellow, love finds the same response from each heart. The Gospel, giving the hope of eternal life, belongs to them alike and will, when presented in the spirit of Christ, find a like reception from them all.

XII

MY "TIMOTHY"

WHEN we first went to China we were impressed with the wisdom of finding a Chinese who, by reason of close association with us, could accurately represent to his fellow countrymen our mission to and desire for them. He would save us many mistakes and correct many erroneous impressions concerning us that might spring up in their minds. We were so strongly influenced by the thought that we were led to pray most earnestly to have such an one led to us,—and Chen Li-seng came.

He had been a Chinese pedagogue for nine years. He was of the "old school" type. The children who had sat at his feet had committed the Classics to memory in the same ancient stereotyped way that their ancestors had done a thousand years before. Chen himself was a first degree graduate, could repeat the thirteen classical books from memory, write essays and compose poems. In these accomplishments he was the same as all his fellow literati.

But in other things he was strangely different from most of them. He was a consistent believer in and follower of Confucius. He sought

to copy the ancient sage in his standard of morality. He was a filial son and a worshipper of his ancestors. He did not gamble, accept bribes, or smoke opium. He did not believe in the worship of idols yet could not explain the occult power that seemed to dwell within their inanimate forms. Chen was one of those isolated examples found among the heathen, "a seeker after righteousness"; yet he was satisfied that he was receiving a full measure of righteousness in his imitating of the high moral standard laid down by the great teacher Confucius.

To Chen a man who accepted the foreign doctrine of Christianity, was merely seeking the "loaves and fishes." He despised such even as he despised the foreigners. Before he came to us as a teacher, he had never conversed with a foreigner and never had had a desire to do so. He had never seen a Bible or been inside a chapel. Two things led him to consent to become our teacher; the regularity of the pay-day and a growing desire which he shared with all educated Chinese, to know something of things western.

Now a missionary must not only learn to speak the Chinese language but more important than that, he must become thoroughly conversant with Chinese customs and be able to adapt himself to them if he would win the people. Unless the confidence of the teacher is gained, he

will not readily explain their customs, as these are very closely entwined about the heart of every follower of Confucius. The missionary, finding these customs so antipodal to those which have surrounded his life, is liable to make light of the Chinese ways and manners and lose the confidence of his teacher before he fairly gains it. So the contact with the man who sits daily across the table from the new missionary is a vital matter. The whole future usefulness of the new recruit on the mission field will be affected by his attitude towards his Chinese teacher.

We became the pupils of Chen Li-seng. He did not know a word of English, nor we a word of Chinese. Kind friends helped us over the difficult places for a few days. A dictionary, the fruit of the experience of missionaries for a century back, was at our elbow. Mr. Chen wrote simple conversations upon every-day practical subjects, then slowly read them to us and we repeated them after him. He was the first Chinese we ever understood and the first to understand us.

When we had progressed a little in the use of the language he took us to the street, to stores, into shops. We called upon the high classes and talked with the low. We conversed with masons and carpenters, he ever helping us over the rough places. He wrote contracts for us, cleared up

misunderstandings between us and the servants and formed the first religious expressions we made in the Chinese language. Everywhere he was at our side, correcting, interpreting, guarding us against pitfalls.

It was a long while before we began to dimly realize that he was the one whom God was leading to us in answer to our prayer. He had shown himself in many ways to be unfavourable to Christianity. Not till long afterwards did we find the reason for his treating it so fairly and studying it so carefully. He attended the services on Lord's Days, often was present at prayer-meetings, and would willingly and lucidly aid our stammering tongues in explaining the Gospel to visitors who came to call on us.

At times he was led to speak very strongly against evils which were degrading and demoralizing his country. The forcing of the opium traffic upon China by the English rankles in every Chinese heart and Chen was a Chinese. Nevertheless, he would with equal force denounce the grafting in their official circles and the too flagrant cases of miscarriage of justice for which their courts are notorious.

Yet he believed there were other men like himself who were living high moral lives and he would resent the wholesale condemnation of their nation by unwise evangelists. "I have been with you for a year and a half. Have *I* wronged

you in any way?" He gloried in his morality and to class him with the degenerate of China wounded his proud spirit.

But his next question startled us and showed that, after all his pride in a moral character, the leaven of the Gospel was working within his heart. "Suppose a man secretly believes in Christ as his Saviour. Must he be an avowed follower to be saved?"

"If a man really believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, he cannot be a secret follower. He cannot help speaking." Ah, there is a vital energy in Christianity not to be found in Confucian ethics and the difference was dawning upon him.

We began to call his attention to what it means for an educated Chinese to follow Christ. He would be despised and rejected from fellowship by all his fellow literati. He could not take a step which would bring greater anguish to his parents. For one of his rank to become a Christian would as greatly wound his father as for an American father to see his boy become a gambler, drunkard and criminal. All this we told Chen.

"These things will not deter me if I come to believe in Him as my Saviour." And yet when, in his heart, he began to acknowledge that Christ might be just that to him, it did deter him. Could he break over the traditions of

China and become such an unfilial son as to thus wound his parents? It took many days to fight out the battle.

"I will obey my Lord first and then go to my parents. My Lord must come first now." That was his decision.

Standing in the baptismal waters he made the great confession. "From my heart I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God and my Saviour." Then he went home to receive not the blessing but the chastisement of terribly wounded parents. He accepted it all humbly and patiently although it tore his heart almost as much as theirs were torn. Then to show them the sincerity of his profession and the change in his heart, he began sending home as a Christian more money than he had as a Confucianist.

One day he told us why he had been led to consider Christianity so carefully. "I was daily living within the walls of your home. I saw the regard with which you and your wife treated each other. Your wife is educated. She is your equal. You recognize her equality and love reigns in your home. We have nothing like that in our Chinese homes. So I have been studying the Scriptures to see if it were, as you said, the natural fruitage of Christianity, for I long to have such a home. It has led me to accept Christ for myself and the home I hope to have."

He had been married just after coming to us

as a teacher. His wife was ten years his junior, only seventeen at the time, and had had very little experience to guide her in the new life into which she was thrown. She had not been asked whether she would "love, honour and obey" this man to whose home she was carried. Neither had Chen been given any voice in the matter. He took what was chosen for him "sight unseen." He might have been a little more careful about the matter, had he caught his glimpse of a Christian home earlier.

Since he was living away from his parents' home at the time of his marriage, he, according to Chinese custom, left his wife in the home of his parents. His mother was above the average woman in character, but she and the new bride did not harmonize well in disposition and it looked as though he would be handicapped from the first in his desire to build up a happy home. He was educated. She was illiterate. Both were somewhat refined in nature as their homes were of the better class of people. But he was now a Christian and she was a heathen.

He rented a place in Chu Cheo, furnished it as well as he was able and brought his wife to the new home. He began teaching her to read and treated her kindly. It was really his first opportunity to become acquainted with her. Under his gentle care and guidance she developed wonderfully. In six months great was his joy to

have her express a desire to also become a follower of Jesus Christ. Now there were two, who were seeking to make a home beautiful.

For four years he had been teaching us. He had gone into the dispensary and hospital where he not only aided us in speech, but his willing hands had washed and dressed the ulcers, given anesthetics and prepared medicines. He had taken his turn in teaching and preaching to the patients. When we went on itineraries, he often accompanied us and in the market towns would step into the difficult places and aid us in making friends. He taught in the Sunday-school and sometimes would stand in the pulpit. He was becoming a true "Timothy."

Every Chinese seems born with a desire to gain riches. Tradition has instilled into their minds that if there is any possibility of obtaining happiness in this world or the next, money will obtain it. Happiness and wealth are, therefore, synonymous in the popular mind.

Chen saw many avenues through which he, as a Christian, might legitimately prosper. He had studied western learning ever since coming to us. He had gained a considerable knowledge of modern medicine. He could take photographs. He had gained a knowledge of the English language which would qualify him for government positions at several times the salary he was receiving from the mission. Why should he not

enter business and with his larger salary support several evangelists instead of merely doing the work of one man himself? Would not he, as a business man, have greater influence for Christ than one who was under the pay of the mission?

While in the midst of this struggle with himself, the Christians in the district took a step towards self-support and decided to jointly support a local pastor. Their plan was to place the pastor in the central congregation at Chu Cheo and have him visit the other congregations at intervals. They were given the opportunity to choose the one they desired and the choice fell upon Chen. He was the best educated, had executive ability and unselfish devotion to Christian service. He took the position reluctantly as he was not yet ready to declare himself permanently for the ministry.

In a two years' pastorate he transformed the district into a well-organized working body. He stood square against using the power of the Church in legal matters and selfish ends. He became the brains of the circle of evangelists and pastors.

The Christians of the Central China Christian mission hold annually a general convention. Chen's ability and blameless Christian life were being recognized in these larger gatherings. For two years he served as their secretary and then they kept him as their president for another

Chinese Christians in convention.

two years. The missionaries organized an annual Bible Institute for the evangelists and pastors. The lectures were at first given by the missionaries. Chen was the first to be raised from the place of pupil to the position of teacher. He led the devotions, presided over various meetings and in emergency gave most acceptably a course of lectures. Had he been willing to accept the place he could have had the pastorate of the largest congregation in the mission, but his love for the local field was too strong.

In the midst of this larger field of activity, the long fight between money and the ministry which had been striving away in his heart, came to an end. At the close of a local convention when the delegates were voicing the inspiration, which they had received from the meeting, he arose and made the final declaration. "I long wanted to become rich and I thought it was for the sake of the Gospel. I now know that God has wanted to use me to make you all rich in the knowledge of His Word and to that end I henceforth consecrate myself."

The effect upon his own home and relatives will be the best commentary upon this step he took. What could he have done that would have more likely overcome the antagonism of his parents than to have turned his ability into money-making? They would naturally have reaped the benefit of his wealth. The first

noticeable step following his final decision for the ministry was when his wife forgot her diffidence and began to publicly teach and lead the women to Christ. The next was when his nephew was baptized. The last victory is recorded in his quaint English when in writing a letter he says, "My mother will trust Christ, but my father wants to trust God and gods." May the day soon come when his father, too, will be willing to trust God alone and forsake the gods.

XIII

DO LITTLE GIRLS COUNT

AT a recent commencement of the Nanking Christian Girls' School the church building, in which the exercises were held, was crowded to the doors. The windows were thrown open and the Chinese who could not gain admittance, crowded around these that they might see and hear. The rich and influential men and women of that important Chinese city had eagerly responded to the invitations sent them to be present on this occasion and filled all the main body of the building. For the first time in China's history, her leaders are struggling with the problem of the education of the hitherto despised half of her race. They have become interested in what missionaries are doing for China's womanhood. Clad in their silks, those men and women walked into a Christian church and listened with rapt attention to the program of music, essays and speeches in which a Christian tone was dominant.

The last speaker on the program was a little ten year old girl whose part it was to explain the purpose of Christian missions in opening schools for girls. She spoke to an audience, the large

part of whom were atheists or idolaters. Many of them had sanctioned the frequent practice in China of destroying their girl babes. Had she told them her own history it would have, in an even more striking way, explained the aim of missions. She, herself, had been thrown out by her parents and left to die. Had it not been for the work of missionaries she would have long since been lost in the multitudes of babes destroyed by the practice of infanticide.

Mrs. Shi of the Yu-ho-tsz village in Anhwui Province, is as consecrated a woman as can be found in the Church of Christ. Yet twenty years ago she was no better than the mass of ignorant, superstitious and unmoral women found in China. Fifteen years ago she became a follower of Christ.

About ten years ago she was going down to the stream back of her house to wash the rice for the morning meal. Down by the edge of the stream she found the body of a new-born girl babe with its little limbs immersed in the edge of the cold stream. In the darkness of the night it had been rolled down the bank by heartless parents, they expecting that it would roll into the water and be drowned. They had not quite succeeded in their plan, but the cold water and chilly night air had well-nigh accomplished the task.

A heathen woman would likely have glanced around to see if any one were looking and then

kicked the body into the stream. A new-born love in Mrs. Shi's heart caused her to pick up the half-lifeless form and hurry with it back to her rooms. She worked over it for hours until the blood once more circulated through the sluggish veins and a hungry cry awarded her work.

Perhaps Mrs. Shi would have stopped appalled at the task before her, had she taken time to think, but she was too busy saving life to think. Not till life was once more freely flowing through the little body did she stop to consider what she had done and face the future. How she succeeded in carrying that little one through the following years will always be a mystery and a marvel.

The Chinese in that part of the country have cows but they have never used them except as plow animals. The people neither drink milk nor eat butter. Prepared foods are a product of more advanced countries and are practically unknown to the Chinese. The only food they have ever developed for feeding babes who have been robbed of their natural birthright is rice water or rice gruel.

But with these accessories Mrs. Shi started undaunted on her task of saving a castaway babe. From kind missionary friends she could at times obtain condensed milk. Many, many times during the first year or two did she go up to some Chinese mother with that babe in her arms and

plead that it might for a time lie upon a life-giving mother breast. She called the little one, "Little Love." She poured upon her the wealth of a mother affection. No trial seemed too hard, no task too great, if it would minister towards preserving the life of this babe, denied as it was of its rightful heritage.

There, in that church, ten years later, Little Love stood upon the platform before the great men and elegant women of Nanking. It was through the grace of God that she was there. She, who had been cast out by her own parents at birth; who had been caught up and nurtured by one clothed in the body of despised womanhood; who had been educated and refined by Christianity; she, Little Love, is an emblem of the new girlhood soon to be given to the other half of China's little ones when Christ comes to reign there.

In times past this oriental nation has had little love to waste upon her girls. The perpetuation of the family name and line was, in their minds, the important object in the rearing of children. The boy was the prime factor in such an undertaking. Their girls, when grown up, must be lost to the home of their parents and assist in the perpetuation of some other line and name. To rear them was somewhat of a thankless task done for the benefit of some one else.

Then, in a land where famine frequently deci-

mates the population, and where the poor die by the roadside uncared for; where the great burning question is "How shall I get enough to eat and live"; is it strange that parents should have little love to waste upon those whom they are taught are useless appendages? And is it strange, when the future holds nothing but dreary searching for enough to keep life in one's own body, that the strangling of a new-born babe before it has had opportunity to breathe God's free air, should appear to such distorted minds more like an act of mercy than a crime against moral law?

So the missionary sees the little bodies floating in the scum of the ponds or thrown out by the roadside and half eaten by the wolfish dogs. It is not necessary to open the little bundle of matting found by the side of the city wall to know what it contains. Shanghai has its hexagonal baby tower into which their little bodies may be cast. Nanking has its temple to which they may be brought by parents who cannot, or care not to, bury the bodies. Men, in order to accumulate merit for themselves and make their own entrance into heaven more sure, subscribe towards the burying of these little bodies and many are the graves dug for them.

Buddhists in certain quarters have been inspired to establish orphanages. A circular bucket, hung upon a pivot, is fixed in the outer wall. One

side of the bucket is open and swung out to the street. Any person who so desires may place a babe therein and swing the bucket in. It will be received without question and nurses will be called in to rear the babe. But to what end is this seeming charity done?

Slavery, largely of little girls, still exists in Sinim. Families who may wish a girl servant find the solution in buying one of these waifs and rearing it as a slave. Sometimes they treat it well as though it were their own child. But frequently there creep out to the world stories of terrible treatment. Houses of ill-fame are found in all their cities. The girls in them are veritable slaves. Dressed in gorgeous raiment to attract the trade, they are often displayed upon the public streets. Agents who have no other business furnish, buy and kidnap girls for these houses. Perhaps such traffic is carried on in all countries. But when an orphanage is established and supported by philanthropy to supply such a demand it ceases to be worthy of our admiration.

Which is worse, to rear a girl and condemn her to a life of shame or make away with the helpless infant? That is the question which faces multitudes of Chinese mothers. Often they are not to blame either for bringing the little one into the world or for its going out of the world. The father has the power of life and death over his

entire family. Sitting in our comfortable homes, surrounded by every comfort, and far removed from such scenes and sufferings, it is easy for us to judge and condemn. It becomes another question when we stand face to face with the awful problem itself.

The Confucian classics teach that a woman may be divorced for any one of seven reasons, such as being a gossip, a scold, sterile, unfaithful to her husband and so on. No suggestion is given as to how a woman may divorce her husband. It was not thought of. The classics teach that a girl should be obedient to her parents, a married woman to her husband and a widow to her eldest son. No suggestion is made concerning her education. Her mission is to bear sons and play a very humble part in making a home.

What, then, has brought about this changed attitude? Why should Chinese leaders begin to be interested in girls' schools opened by missionaries and why should they themselves seek to open other such schools? Neither commercial nor political relations with other nations have caused the change. The change has come by reason of the hundreds of homes established throughout the country by missionaries. The revelation of what a woman can be when she has been reared and educated amid Christian influences and given an equal opportunity for development, has readjusted their viewpoint.

"We did not know that it was possible to develop our women, to make them our equals. Neither had we dreamed it possible to find pleasure and congenial fellowship in association with one of the other sex. We must have such homes as you have. We must educate our girls. We can see now that these things must be a part of our reform. China cannot be elevated to an equality with other nations unless we make our homes equal to your homes." Thus the change is coming. It has been long in coming, but God has heard the cry of downtrodden womanhood and is staying the hand of her oppressors. Little girls are beginning to count, even in China.

XIV

A CHINESE "DORCAS"

WHEN one sees her a few yards away she does not appear especially attractive. She looks too much like an old plodding country woman, and such she is. Her shoulders are stooped. Her gait is lumbering as though she had walked over many uneven places. Her hands and face are wrinkled and sunburned. Her ready-made clothing is made of indigo-coloured cloth and much worn. No, she is very little different from a thousand other country women when seen at a distance. And a thousand pass her without even bestowing a glance upon her as she quietly makes her way over the uneven Chinese streets.

But look at her when she gets a little closer and something in her face shows that she *is* different from most of the other Chinese women. She, at least, seems to know where she is going. She does not stare at the store displays like the country women usually do. Her glance is very direct, too, and there is a kindly look in her eyes that makes her face seem attractive even though her general appearance is not. She must be nearly

sixty years old, perhaps five feet four inches in height,—just ordinary in general appearance.

When Mrs. Gerould, one of America's Christian women, started to build for her husband a monument, she went across to India to choose the spot. It is a complete mission station in the heart of India by which she commemorates his memory. When she had completed the arrangements for the establishment of that memorial station, she came on around the globe to China and stopped for a few days with friends among the missionaries in that country.

She had only three days in which to become acquainted with Mrs. Shi, this plodding country woman,—three days in an unknown tongue. Mrs. Gerould was a well-dressed, wholesome, Christian woman and Mrs. Shi was a very plainly dressed, Chinese, Christian country woman. Their customs were different. The great chasm of antipodal languages separated them. That they could write the term "Christian" in connection with each of their characters was about the only thing they held in common. It would seem a difficult task to proceed far in acquaintanceship when only three days were to be given to the task.

Somewhere in that short space of time the motherly heart of the American woman discovered its counterpart within the bosom of her Chinese sister. She loved the two missionary women who were living and working in that iso-

lated interior station of Chu Cheo and it had not required a common tongue for her to find out that Mrs. Shi loved them as well as she.

When the three days had flown by and Mrs. Gerould was in the sedan chair and the coolies had placed their shoulders under the poles to bear her back to Nanking, Mrs. Shi came hurrying back from some errand of mercy to say her good-by. The two women broke out in a stream of words in two languages expecting the missionary standing by to interpret for them. They stopped speaking almost as suddenly as they had begun. Language was not needed as a medium between them. One was holding out her hand in American fashion and the other was clasping her own palms in Chinese style, but even contrary customs could not be the bearer of those final messages. The eyes of the one, looking dimly through the tears straight into the heart of the other, bore the message of love between them. No interpreter was needed. And the one that they might have used as interpreter did not interfere or interrupt. He was interested in something, just then, he saw on the far away mountains.

Mrs. Shi is a mother to the little village in which she lives. Sorrow enters none of the homes, sickness comes not anywhere, no trouble invades the place but that she is found in the midst of the afflicted ones. When the missionary women in Chu Cheo are left alone, their husbands being

absent on preaching tours in the surrounding country, all feeling of anxiety is taken away, if Mrs. Shi can be with them.

When Evangelist Shi, the story-teller, broke away from his opium and began to follow Christ, he went back to Yu-ho-tsz, his former home, and began work in the inn owned by Mr. Wang, Mrs. Shi's first husband. In the evening when his work was done, Mr. Shi would take a bench out in front of the inn and tell the story of Christ who had saved him. His bitterest antagonist was Mrs. Wang. She stormed and raged at him and led in the petty insults which the villagers heaped upon him. But in the end patience conquered and she became the first convert of the village to the new religion.

Mr. Wang died not long afterwards and her relatives, both for the money they would make and in order to stop the spread of this "foreigners' religion," plotted secretly to sell her off to another man who lived a distance away. Men came on horseback in the night to kidnap her. But the plot had been discovered and friends had warned her. They aided her to capture the capturers. Had it been in the days before she became a Christian they would have been sent to their homes with sore backs and bruised bodies, for she was capable in the use both of her tongue and arms. But she was a follower of Christ now. When she let them go, they went in wonder, for they had

Mr. Shi, the story teller evangelist of the Chu Cheo district, and Mrs. Shi, the "Dorcas" of

Mr. Chen Li-Seng.

seen a Chinese woman under control of the Holy Spirit.

She preferred to choose her second husband for herself and when the proper time came she was married to the former inn-servant, Shi Gwei-biao. The Church in China has been profited by that marriage. The home they established has been a contrast to every other home in that region,—and a model. It is clean; it is full of peace and love; it is a centre from which radiates a ministry to all other homes in the region.

For a few years the little circle of Christians met from house to house. Then it became necessary to open a central place of worship. Every home in the village is mud-walled and thatch-roofed. Grass and bamboo poles and even small trees are to be found on the hillsides for the cutting. They needed little else beside labour. Why should they not build their own chapel? Mr. Shi and the men laid up the walls and bound together the rafters. Mrs. Shi and the women went out to the hills with their sickles and carrying poles, cut the grass for thatch and brought it home on their shoulders. The men laid the roof, set up the rough doors and the chapel was done. With its whitewashed walls and its clean interior, it began its silent witness for purity.

For nearly ten years the little chapel was the gathering-place of the church in that region. The membership increased and spread out into

the surrounding country and into the neighbouring market towns. Then came the call for a second chapel. It must be more permanent than the first. Gifts came to Mr. Hunt, the missionary evangelist in Chu Cheo, from friends in America and England. The Chinese gave out of their poverty with liberal hands. Ground was bought in the neighbouring market town of Gwanwei and a larger and more permanent edifice was erected. Again the enthusiasm of Mrs. Shi was manifested. Out of her slender means she bought substantial, comfortable seats for the entire building. Had she not made this offering hard Chinese benches would have been installed in their stead. One cannot sit in that church without thinking of this "Dorcas" whose care is always for the happiness of others.

For four hundred miles or more to the northwest of Nanking there runs a highway built by one of the Ming emperors. Its purpose was to connect the cities of Nanking, Fengyang and Kaifeng which he had designated as his capital cities. It is but a caravan route over which flows the traffic of that region. Caravan animals, wheelbarrows, and a great army of travellers follow one another over this road in Indian file, making it but a series of cow-paths. No wagon can pass along it. The road is rough and uncared for.

This line of traffic taps at its northern end the

regions so often visited by famine. The sufferers, when driven out by hunger, will load a few cooking vessels and other camping supplies on a wheelbarrow, perhaps build a nest in the centre for a baby or two, then start on their journey southward to the land of plenty. Day by day they follow the trail. By begging and petty thieving, they try to eke out their slender means until they reach their destination. They fall sick and exhausted by the way. The little children may be sold. The sick ones when too weak to travel, are left to the tender mercies (?) of the villages by the way.

These people have been the great burden upon the heart of Mr. and Mrs. Shi. They aid them to build huts, give them little articles of clothing and minister to their sick ones. Among the threescore they have won to Christ a goodly number have been saved through this means. Two evangelists and a colporteur, now in the service, have been thus picked up by them. A few dollars placed in the hands of these people bear big interest in the saving of people, and the missionaries have never been afraid of its being misused.

Sometimes Mrs. Shi comes down to Chu Cheo to visit the missionaries. But she is never idle. She will take a quiet walk up some side street until she meets a group of women talking at the door of some home. In perfect Chinese style she will stop to listen and enter into the conversation.

She soon is leading the talk and the women will invite her into the home that they may hear more. By and by she will be preaching to them. After a while the doctor, busy in his dispensary, looks out and sees her piloting a group of women into the place. She has found some woman who needs medical aid. She tells them of the foreign doctor who heals people. They have heard of him before but are afraid to go alone. She offers to come with them. Perhaps they are of the wealthier and more secluded class. To them even her offer to accompany them will not overcome their timidity. Then she will persuade them to visit the foreign lady. There their timidity will gradually disappear and then the doctor will be invited into his own house to see the sick person. In these ways she wins their confidence and drives out the antipathy they have formed towards the foreigner and the religion he is bringing to their people and her people.

Once in a while she tramps over the sixty miles between her home and the school at Nanking where Little Love, whose life she saved when her parents had cast her out to drown, attends school. Aitsz (Little Love) is very precious to Mrs. Shi. Country clothes look rather shoddy down at Nanking. It is an important official city and the people there dress much finer than those who live north of the river. But Mrs. Shi's coarse clothes do not bar her from the hearts of the

schoolgirls. They give her a royal welcome, for all love her.

Four of the oldest schoolgirls attended the annual conference which was held in Chu Cheo. On Sunday afternoon the church was given over to a woman's meeting. The schoolgirls were the chief speakers. The house had the greatest crowd of women it ever held. One evening, a little later, when the men were having a special session, the girls dressed Mrs. Shi in their school clothing and one of them donned her country clothes and became a gawky country woman. In the parlour of one of the mission homes Mrs. Shi lost her identity and turned her years back to girlhood once more. No wonder the girls love her. She is one who never grows old.

Such are a few glimpses into the life of one loved by missionaries and Chinese alike. She, it is, who is the "hot-hearted" leader of the Chinese Christian women of the Chu Cheo district,—their "Dorcas."

XV

"HAPPINESS IS COME"

HIS name is Djao. His parents called him Lai-fu which means "Happiness is Come," because they were so happy when they found they had a boy. Outside the fact of his being a boy he brought them little happiness, for it meant one more mouth to feed and they were only poor farm labourers. That was far up in the northern province of Shansi.

They had to work out all day and the baby boy was left in the end of a furrow or any other hollow while his mother hoed the corn and beans. Something went wrong for he grew up with a bent back. They said it was because there was no one to help him when he began to walk but more likely there was something wrong with the food supply.

There was not much to remember in those days but an empty stomach. That seemed to be the most prominent thing in his little life. Somewhere in those days his mother did not get enough to eat and she died. Then, after a few years more, a famine came and carried away his father. His name seemed to represent all the happiness they ever obtained in this world.

A distant relative took him in charge. This man had been a little more successful than many. Eight acres of land, eight head of working cattle, two hired men and one son were down to his credit. The orphaned boy's work was to watch the cattle as they fed by the side of the road or in the fields.

It was not hard work, especially as the boy was getting a little nearer the proper allowance of rations. There was no schooling for him. Orphans out on a farm never dream of such a luxury. Very few sons of even prosperous farmers have this privilege. If he got enough to eat and did not shiver with the cold in winter he felt himself happy.

But the time came when he did not have enough. Neither did the farmer. Another famine year came around and he was told that he was not wanted in that home. There were too many mouths to fill. So he found himself, a twelve-year-old boy, out in the world alone. No door was open to him, no work was to be found. No mother, no father, no brother, no sister, no anybody—just one lone boy. If he starved, if he died, no one would care, no one would miss him.

So he began his wanderings. Every refugee goes south. It is warmer there and does not require so many clothes. Then there is a general impression that food and clothing can be ob-

tained in the southern provinces if one is willing to work. Anywhere is better than in a famine district. People were dying there and no one likes to die, especially if he has no friends. So south he went, all alone, through three hundred miles of mountains and plains.

He was a year covering that distance. Why should he hurry? All he was looking for was food and work and shelter. Some days he found no food. Then he curled himself up in the corner of some abandoned house and "ate bitterness." In the cold weather he would gather some sticks and grass and creeping into such an abode, would build a bonfire in the corner to keep himself from freezing. That was a bitter year.

But all roads have an end. He slowly travelled down through Honan and entered Anhwui Province. Wandering around a place, called Mengcheng, he met a farmer one day who took pity on him and put him to watching his cattle.

So great a contrast was this to his long winter of wanderings that it seemed as if he could never wish for anything greater. That was in the spring. All that summer he had a resting place. But when the fall came the work was done. The man had been good to him and when he started on the road again he had a warm suit of clothes on his back.

Once again his face was turned southward and

in a few days he had reached the city of Hwai-yuen. He wandered out into the country, for city streets did not yield as abundant supply of food to a homeless boy as country lanes. Happily another farmer took pity on him and in his home Lai-fu was destined to stay several years.

This man had a mother, a wife, a donkey and a cow to his credit besides his few acres. He had also a temper and could use it on many occasions. As usual the cow became the special charge of Lai-fu. The farmer used both cow and donkey when he plowed his fields. All the farmers around that region mix up their work animals. They may hitch together a water buffalo and a cow, a cow and a horse, a donkey and a buffalo, or any other combination that suits the live stock they may possess. Sometimes they hitch together three animals, all different.

After staying with this man for a few years, he took Lai-fu as a hired man and paid him wages. He was coming up in the world now. His wages were two dollars a year and his food. Now he had money of his own for which he had not begged.

But the man's temper did not improve with age. One day Lai-fu in cutting the broom corn had left a part that did not appear to him ripe. The man ordered him to go back and cut it. He cut it. Then the man saw that it really was not

ripe and let loose his tongue on the boy and he, in disgust, quit the job.

Now where? Two dollars were in his pocket and a fair amount of clothes on his back. Nanking, the historic southern capital of China, was only one hundred and fifty miles away and everybody said plenty of work was to be found there. So for Nanking he started. He was now twenty years of age, but by reason of that bend in his back did not look that old.

Two dollars would not go far on a one hundred and fifty mile tramp except by the most careful economy. There was no sleeping in inns and eating of fine meals by the way. When the farmers would let him, he slept with the cattle in the farm homes and by their kindness often gained a breakfast. When they objected he curled up under some stack of grain or built a fire in a hollow.

But that amount of money or any other amount could not keep one from beggary when no work could be found. He hunted through Nanking and then with others of his class took cheap passage up to Wuhu, sixty miles away, but no work was forthcoming. He came back to Nanking and retraced his steps across the river to Pukoh, the end of the northern caravan routes. He might meet some driver whom he used to know from the Hwaiyuen region and from him get a little help. So fruitless had been his quest

in a region where it was popularly supposed that work was to be had for the asking, that he could wish himself back under the evil temper of the man with whom he had spent the last years.

He found no caravan driver whom he knew but one day when he timidly asked a driver if he would not "do good deeds" for merit's sake and give him a few cash, the man turned to him and asked, "Where are you from?"

"From Hwaiyuen."

"Want to go back?" Didn't he though?

"Will you help take care of my animals on the road if I give you your food?"

Was there ever a boy (for he was still a boy) who having passed through what he had, would not accept such an opportunity to return to familiar places? Up there were people who knew him. There would be some chance of obtaining work and leaving this vagrant beggar life which he so despised. A very humble boy followed those mules on their return journey to what had been home to him.

With all that he had been in places where foreigners lived he had never seen one. Recently there had come a party into Hwaiyuen and Chu Cheo held others. Then others were settled in Nanking and Wuhu. He had often heard that whoever consented to "eat their religion" would receive a monthly stipend but it did not sound

very reasonable and he had never sought charity from them.

One evening as the journey behind those mules was drawing to an end and they were expecting on the morrow to arrive in Hwaiyuen, they looked back and saw a queerly dressed man coming along on horseback. He was accompanied by a well-dressed Chinese whose clothes showed him to be an educated man, a teacher. Lai-fu knew it was a foreigner at first glance, even before the caravan driver muttered "foreign devil."

He was, however, surprised to hear the foreigner address them in Chinese and ask where they were expecting to stop for the night. There were very few inns along that section of the road which were prepared to take care of animals over night, so they were all destined to stop at the same place and that meant much to his future.

In the night a cold rain began which turned to sleet and snow and they were shut in together for a day. Fortunate for Lai-fu that he was in an inn, for while he had a warm coat, his pantaloons were thin cotton and one leg of those had been accidentally torn off above the knee. Of course he had no stockings and only straw sandals on his feet.

He curled himself up in the straw, and got up as close as possible to the other Chinese who were sleeping together. But it grew colder and finally

one of the Chinese got up and started a fire in the middle of the dirt floor around which they all gathered until the morning dawned. He saw the foreigner roll himself up in his blankets and stay in his bunk. There was nothing else to do. It was cold.

Shut in all day by that rain and sleet the parties got acquainted. The caravan driver, who knew more about foreigners than most of them, conceived the happy idea of having Lai-fu attach himself to this one. It would rid himself of trouble and be not a bad thing for Lai-fu. He talked to the latter's teacher who was accompanying him.

To Lai-fu it did not matter much. There was a thrill of something new in his heart at the thought, the new experience of going with these people from the outside world of whom Chinese talked so much and knew so little. To go back to that vile-tempered farmer was not a pleasing prospect in view of how he had left him and it did not matter much where he did go so long as he got a sufficient amount of food and clothing. The foreigner seemed kind and certainly could not be worse than the farmer had been.

The second morning dawned clear, but with a terrible cold wind blowing across those plains. The missionary was going on to Hwaiyuen, thirteen miles farther, to see his friends there. The teacher had talked with him about the boy, but

did not like to make rash promises, as beggars are rather a hopeless class. He told the boy to follow him into the city and he would get him a warm pair of pantaloons.

Bravely the boy helped saddle the missionary's horse and started to follow him through that bitter wind. The missionary wondered whether he himself could ride on or be compelled to stop again until the day warmed. And the boy with torn pantaloons stood it for a while and then with frozen tears on his cheeks stopped by a friendly fire. The inn-people gave him a bowl of rice gruel. He waited until the sun had warmed up the air and then plodded on into the city and hunted up the residence of the missionaries.

The teacher took him to a clothing store. "We live one hundred miles back on the road over which you have been coming, at Chu Cheo," explained the teacher to him. "The roads will be muddy and the weather bad. You can do as you please. If you want to go back with us, all right. If you don't, the clothes are still yours."

That did not sound very much as though they were trying to get any one to follow them. Well, he tramped back over that muddy road to Chu Cheo, one hundred miles, in three days. The missionary began to believe the boy had some mettle in him. He was given work to do and he did it. Never complaining, he ate what was

Djao Lai-fu and his charges.

given him, slept where they put him and stood by his job. No money had been promised and none was given. He was well treated and was well satisfied.

The ways in those missionary compounds were strange to him. In the morning they would all gather together and read out of a Book and then stand up and shut their eyes while one would seem to be talking to some One. Every seventh day they would stop working and gather in a large building and study that Book some more. Lai-fu had been in temples when idols were being worshipped and had often bowed before these in the farmer's house himself, but he had never seen anything like this.

They were talking about one true God and His Son, whom, they said, had died for us because we were sinners and, if we would worship Him and be good, He would save us from demons. Lai-fu did not say much, but his ears were open. Slowly it came to him that all these years of wandering he had not been alone. Somewhere, not far off, an unknown One had been watching him. There came into his heart a great longing for that One and he took Him. That was all. Then the significance of his name came to him. His "happiness had come."

XVI

CHINESE ROADS AND STREETS

ARE the roads of this ancient empire broad and lined with aged, beautiful elms or maples? Are they macadamized like the ancient Roman roads in England? Do they, like the great wall of China, run straight across plains and valleys, rivers and mountains, turning aside for no obstacle? We might imagine them to be something like this.

They do have some macadamized roads in certain port cities that have been more largely influenced by foreigners. Such streets are often flanked with young willows, planted so thickly that they become a continuous canopy over the street. But a tree that becomes as large as a New England elm is so wonderful that they build a fence around it and stick up a small shrine at its base. "Only a god could keep a tree alive through four dynasties." The roads do go up the mountainsides and across the rivers,—if they are shallow enough to ford. If not, the travellers are ferried across.

But the roads are not straight. Fields, not roads, are the important thing in China. The latter must bend to the former and be moulded by

their edges. In Central China the land is laid out for irrigation purposes as rice is the main crop. These fields are rarely more than an acre or two in extent. Often they contain only a few square rods. They are made irregular by the rolling land. The road follows their boundaries. Frequently it assumes the track of a giant rail fence, adding a third to the distance one is travelling.

Around the edge of the field the farmer digs a trench for the watercourse. The earth therefrom is thrown upon the road. It was only from five to ten feet wide to begin with. With this additional dirt it assumes the shape of a miniature mountain and the traveller is following the ridge. Miniature precipices flank the sides down to the field several feet below. Rains break down the sides and the road in places is left a foot or two wide. Cross ditches cut through the road and a bridge of poles covered with brush and dirt is constructed. In time this begins to give way and a hole the size of an animal's leg stares up at the rider. Great bridges built in the dim past, for lack of care, have been torn to pieces by the floods and hand of time. If there is still a pathway, the road may pass over them. If not, it circles around them. The broken stones lie about obstructing the traffic.

Along the great caravan routes is a never ending stream of humanity and other animals.

A caravan of horses, mules and donkeys go steadily along, each bearing upon its sore back about three hundred pounds of merchandise. They will carry it thirty miles a day. A group of wheelbarrows with as heavy a load follow in their wake. Those brawny men will push those barrows twenty miles on a level in a day. When a difficult place in the road is met, the line stops and one by one the barrows are pulled over. Up a mountainside it will take five of them to put the barrow and its freight to the top. No barrow man travels alone. He would be stalled a dozen times a day.

Men on horseback, official couriers, coolies, with burdens swinging from their carrying poles, footmen, sedan chairs, mule litters, animals going to market with long bags of grain laid across their bare backs, pass one on the road. Animals and men alike walk with their heads down. They watch for the holes and the pitfalls. Only the reckless ones go faster than a walk. No wagon could survive such a road. A stone bridge three feet wide may span a watercourse of ten feet.

Of the main caravan routes the roads dwindle to mere paths, often mixed up in such confusion that one rarely knows, except from experience and perfect familiarity with the road, whether he is on his way to a city or just going towards some prosperous farm home. There have never

been any surveys, just a blazing of the way. Traffic has sought the easiest way between market towns and the roads dodge as necessity demands. Sometimes an official, to gain favour with the people, will lay out a new road or repair an old bridge but it is forever after neglected and soon relapses into its former condition. It is entirely a private activity and the removal of the individual removes the possibility of permanency.

Along the roads at intervals are little villages and larger market towns. Here are barns in which man and beast may rest for the noontide or the night. Barns they are to the American traveller. The caravan drivers and the wheelbarrow men spread straw over a portion of the dirt floor, spread out their blankets and crawl in. For him who has more money there may be semi-privacy in a dark hole of a room in which is found a rude bed but the blankets and the straw are all the same.

These villages and market towns have the same stamp of lack of plan as the roads. The town was probably started by a few who banded themselves for mutual protection and trade. They selected a spot probably with the help of a fortune-teller which bore the occult marks of being a lucky spot. They left a space through the middle of, perhaps, twenty feet in width for the main street. On either side they have built

their houses, roof joining roof, until the cats can run upon the continuous roof line from one end of the place to the other. If the place happens to require a cross street the line is broken and the roof lines form right angles with each other. At the ends of the streets they have erected a gateway which they close at night shutting out effectually any night prowlers. Up and down these streets the night watchman holds his vigil at irregular intervals, beating his gong, blowing his fog-horn or sounding his bamboo rattles as the local custom may dictate.

By mutual agreement the market towns have divided the time for their respective market days so that no two near-by places conflict. Two days in each ten are allotted to each place. This place has the first and sixth, the eleventh and sixteenth. The next place has the second and seventh, and the twelfth and seventeenth. So the series go. Merchants travel from one to another. Spreading their wares out on some empty space of ground, they are ready for customers. Approach one of these places on its market day and the winding paths reaching out to the four points of the compass are marked by living processions of men and women coming in from their country homes to barter and trade.

The names of some of the towns are as edifying as those found in America and England. Here are a few translated into English. There are

Ravens' Nest, Old Man's Barn, Continually at the Mountain Top, Great Willows, Canal Reservoir, Red Heart, Sun Peacock, Bridge of the Djao Family and so on. Many are named after some family and become the Village of the Djou, Chen, Wang, Liu, Li or Djang Family as the case may be. In certain sections these latter villages will not let any one live in them that is not of that surname. As there are only between one and two hundred surnames in all of China it is not difficult to find sufficient of one name to make up a village.

Most of these villages have back streets. Caravans can go through the place at times. But the rough cobble-boulder stone pavement is difficult for the travel of animals. A market day completely fills it with humanity. Men work their dough, fit up their mud ovens and bake their doughnuts, rice cakes and noodles by the side of the street. The travelling merchants almost touch each other from the two sides of the narrow passage. Men and boys with various sweetmeats and eatables walk up and down in the crowd seeking purchasers. So the caravans take the back street and circle out beyond the surging throng. That path at the back grew up just like any part of the main road. It was a case of necessity and much travel has made it a road. It, too, dodges the ponds, the irregular projecting rear ends of the

successive houses and the edges of near-by fields.

"One day through a primitive wood
A calf walked home as all good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er vale and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.

Travelling on the road in sedan chairs with wheelbarrows as freight cars.

Entrance to Chu Cheo city, showing rut of wheelbarrow in paving stones; city gates, wall and moat; and a wayside restaurant.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By a calf near three centuries dead."

This was written in derision of a certain American city, but it is an ideal description of Chinese roads and streets. Their roads have been dodging because a stone was there and no man took the trouble to remove it. They dodged again because the spot was a lucky one on which to build a signal mound. Then some fortune-teller decided that Li Hung Chang should find the luckiest spot for his private burial ground immediately across the great highway. And he paid the money to the local town heads and they ordered the road to dodge. Rains have come and washed out the main road. Then the caravans wandered off in the fields and found another path for the road and it stayed there. Rain has

not come and the official has closed the city gate through which the main traffic goes and the sweating, weary wheelbarrow men have pushed their squeaking barrows around to another gate to appease an angry god.

So have they built their homes and their temples and their public buildings. Born of fear, filled with selfishness, seeking luck, as chance dictated or to appease some god or demon, they have constructed their lives, their possessions and all their hopes. No wonder the Chinese have so slowly awakened to the great task of regeneration. To straighten out the tangles in which King Custom has for ages bound them is a task before which any nation might shrink.

XVII

WHEN WE GO ITINERATING

WE are starting for a ten days' trip through the market towns to the west and north of our station. The region through which we shall pass is a mountainous country whose cozy valleys are filled with comfortable farm homes and terraced fields. The people are mostly uneducated, but thrifty and self-reliant. One hundred miles northwest of Chu Cheo is the Presbyterian station at Hwaiyuen, which we intend making the farthest point of our journey. There will be three men in our party, the missionary and two Chinese. Chen is an evangelist and Ding will have as his business the caring for the animals and baggage. We will use three animals, one horse and two donkeys. Chen will ride one donkey and the other will carry extra baggage. Ding will walk. We have long bedding bags which are laid across our saddles. These contain our blankets, extra clothes, toilet articles and money. The extra donkey has a hundred pounds of Gospels, calendars, and Christian booklets.

Starting early we will strike a market day at Shi-gia-dzi, fifteen miles west, up in the heart of

the low mountains. All the market towns have two market days in ten. Those of this place follow the numerals two and seven through the days of the month and we are starting on the seventeenth. So we get our baggage ready the night before and are up by daylight, getting the animals loaded and eating a light lunch. We give the last instructions to the medical assistant, the gardener and cow-man, say good-by to those who will abide in the home while we are absent, and follow our animals over the rough pavement out to the city gate where we mount and ride away.

Early as we have begun our journey, the country people are just as early. We pass long lines of men, women and children bringing in loads of grain and fuel to the city. Out across the plain, over the ancient bridges and by the decaying temples, we wend our way. It is autumn and the morning air is delightful. Up over the mountain ridges we ride, stopping a few moments to look away into the distances or down on the farmsteads in the valleys beneath. A pheasant flies out of our path, a rabbit or a mountain deer bounds away into the recesses of the rocks. Oh, it is delightful up on the mountain tops where everything is clean and pure.

Two-thirds of the distance to the first market town has been traversed when we begin overtaking those going the same way as we are.

They are bound for the same destination and will make up part of the audience which will surround us all the time we remain in the place. As we come nearer to the place, from every side we see long lines of country people pouring into the already crowded street. We dismount, put our animals into Ding's care, load our arms with literature and make our way forward with the moving throng. We select some convenient grave or broken down wall on the outskirts of the crowd where we will not interfere with the market business and begin our work.

By the time we have reached our position a dense crowd has surrounded us. We have rung no bell, have made no outcry to attract the people. Some one caught sight of the foreigner as we were approaching the place and passed on the word up the street, "foreign devil." Foreigners are rarely seen in those out-of-the-way places and natural curiosity brings the crowd to our stand.

We begin at once to speak. No hymn is sung, no prayer publicly offered. When we dismounted from our animals a silent prayer went up from our hearts. Now we seek to win the crowd's good will and gain a hearing for the Gospel message. How do we preach to them? We begin by telling them that we have come ten thousand miles with a message which has universally brought joy to all who have received it. They are interested. We ask if any one among them has found

the goal of happiness for which they have been so intensely seeking. No one is willing to acknowledge that he has. We bring to their minds that all their worship is directed towards the power of darkness, the devil; and there is not a dissenting voice. We remind them that the fear of death has a hold upon every heart among them.

> "Heaven is a coffin's lid; earth is the coffin's pit.
> Go where one will he still is in the coffin fit,"

they say.

Thus we open the way to speak of the One God who created the heavens and the earth, Him, who is our common ancestor. We tell of His great love for man which finally led Him to give His only Son to die upon the cross that, through His sacrifice we might be saved from sin for eternal life.

In the midst of our discourse some little youngster on the inner circle who has been eagerly watching every move of the foreigner and scanning his whole person, suddenly points a grimy finger and bursts out, "He's got a *gold* tooth." Instantly the foreigner, who has been smiling at the crowd to win their good will, finds his mouth the target of the eyes of the entire inner circle and other grimy fingers are pointing out the interesting tooth. It is useless to continue the preaching. Interest is now directed towards the

foreign hat, clothes and shoes. Some one's fingers are fingering the pantaloons to see if the cloth is really wool or leather.

It is a comparatively easy step to lead their attention from foreign clothes to the books and literature in hand. The price of a Gospel is mentioned and we hold it up to view. Instantly a circle of hands are outstretched and the missionary and evangelist can scarcely pass out the literature to supply the insistent demand.

When the demand for literature subsides a little the evangelist takes the stand and farther unfolds the Story of Life. The personnel of the crowd constantly changes and we alternate preaching and selling the literature. Most of those who buy will be unable, themselves, to read the books they buy but every village has its scholar and in the evening the crowd will gather around him as he reads and comments upon the book.

All forenoon long we hold our post (or grave) until hunger drives us to seek some food. Ding has taken the animals to an inn and they are munching contentedly upon their straw and bran. It will be difficult on a market day to obtain a regular meal. The cooks are too busy producing rice cakes, doughnuts and Chinese sandwiches for the crowds to bother preparing a regular dinner. Neither has the curiosity of the people been satisfied and they swarm about the foreigner wherever he goes. For us to enter an inn or

restaurant would mean its being jammed full of people in short order. The proprietor could do no business. We hunt around until we find a cup of tea, some peanuts, rice cakes and other eatables. Then adjourning to some open place where the crowd can look to their heart's content, we eat our lunch.

We take our leave of the people and push on to another place. In one day we may travel twenty-five miles and find a couple of markets in full sway. A theatrical or travelling circus may have drawn a crowd into another centre. Late in the evening, wearied with the day's work, we draw into our last town and seek an inn.

Foreigners being considered rich, we are usually shown to a private room reserved for officials and wealthy travellers. But we would prefer the open room and a bundle of straw to the dungeon-like appearance and dirty bed of this inner room. The oil dips are lighted and distributed about the inn. The landlord and his wife are preparing the supper. Packs are being taken from the backs of the caravan animals. The wheelbarrows are creaking into their place. The inn servants are cutting up the rice straw for the horses and donkeys. Caravan men are mending their saddles and feeding their animals. We sit down on a bench, lean back against the mud wall and, in the light of the flickering lamps, watch the scene.

The savour of the cooking food as it is wafted through the inn, is appetizing, more appetizing than the food itself. The landlord places eggs, pork, vegetables and the ever-present rice before us. It is impossible to describe the process of cooking or separate the various ingredients used in seasoning; but we have learned to eat what is set before us and ask no questions, so we produce our own chopsticks and draw up to the table. The landlord has plenty of chopsticks but they have been wiped so often by the greasy cloth and stuck into the waistband about his dirty outer garment that we prefer using our own.

Two well-dressed men wander in while we are eating but politely sit off to the side and chat with others during the meal. When we are through they introduce themselves and enter into conversation. They have heard that we are considering the advisability of opening a preaching hall in their town. They are sure the people will be glad to have us do so and they have some property in a very desirable location for such an enterprise. We had wondered at their extreme politeness but it is now all clear. They are anxious to dispose of some property to the foreigner,—at three prices. But we meet them with equal politeness, for while we are not in position to consider buying their land, we can sow a little seed by the wayside and perhaps some may fall into good ground.

The younger of the two men is a Mohammedan. He can give no reason for being one save that his father was a believer before him and that his belief keeps him from eating pork. He, however, does not like to claim that it has made him any better a man than the old gentleman who has accompanied him.

The older man confesses that the road to heaven is hard to find, but, he continues, "The road leading downward is wonderfully easy to enter and most people are kept busy trying to get out again. The road up is so narrow and the gate is hard to open." He gave us our text. Far into the night we forget weariness of body and talk with them about Him who is "the Way of Life," whose "yoke is easy" and "burden is light." Then we go to bed and forget the dirt floor, the animals munching away at their food, the rooster perched over our heads and all the other depressing surroundings. Oh, blessed sleep, that can banish trouble and weariness and gird the body and mind for another day of service!

One night we trailed into a village just behind a small caravan. Two young merchants had been to Nanking to lay in new merchandise for their up country store. They had hired a driver with his four animals to transport them and their freight over the one hundred and fifty miles of caravan road. A refugee boy had at-

tached himself to the company. The driver was giving him his food for the aid he could render on the road. We watched him as he trudged after the animals. His coat was warm but his thin cotton trousers were torn and offered no protection. Straw sandals were upon his feet. Providence was drawing that boy and ourselves together for very definite purposes.

It was the first day of December but the day had been balmy and pleasant. In the night the weather changed and cold rain began to fall. By morning it had turned to sleet and snow. Wrapped in our blankets we suffered from the cold. The road men had spread straw on the floor and lain up close to each other. In the middle of the night they built a fire in the middle of the dirt floor and gathered around it until the morning dawned. The roads became a bog and the wind blew sleet that cut through any one who was bold enough to venture out doors. We stayed in the inn until the following day when the weather moderated and the sun shone once more. There in that inn Lai-fu, the refugee boy, came to us and has been with us ever since, now a faithful Christian servant. His story is told in another chapter.

As we journey from town to town how often do the appeals from the sick come. We take along in our travelling outfit a few simple remedies, a pair of tooth forceps, a lance and some scissors

with bandages. Many simple troubles can be thus treated while we are on the road but the majority of the sick people laid at our feet must be told to come to our hospital at the station. One dose of medicine will not affect a cure. We wish for the power of One who by the touch of His hand gave sight to the blind, strength to the palsied limb and health to the fevered body.

Standing by the side of a sick man's bed we tell them of the Saviour who not only healed the body but saved the souls of men. They listen and long again for the presence of Him. The story of the Great Healer is an attractive one to this sick world. Under the shade of a friendly tree they gather about us. They are all sick, sick in body and sick in soul. China in herself has no Physician.

So pass the ten days we have taken from our station work. We preach on temple steps, in inns, at private homes, to groups by the wayside, to fellow travellers and at the market towns. We reach the station of our fellow missionaries and rest a day before returning. It is sweet to talk with a coworker in the English tongue once more. They are *glad* to see us. Very few foreigners' faces do they see during the main part of the year.

We turn our faces homeward. After living in Chinese inns and being the daily target of thousands of curious Chinese eyes, home and all it

means looms up large. Even though it be planted in the midst of heathenism, there is no place like home. We do not tarry much by the way. One hundred miles will take at least three days. We push on during the daytime, preaching to the people where we take our dinners and in the inns where we rest at night. Upon the last crest of the low mountains, we look across the plains and see the three pagodas which mark the city of Chu Cheo. They never looked so attractive. But it is only when one has taken the journey and now entering his own gateway, catches up the little ones and places them upon the saddle and thus leading his horse, walks up to his own door-steps; it is only then that one can appreciate to the full measure the Christian mission home.

XVIII

THE CHINESE EVANGELIST

WE sometimes use the word "born" with the meaning of *natural* or *ingrained*. We speak of a man being a *born* leader, a *born* mechanic. The Chinese evangelist must be made; he is not *born*. He has no Christian ancestry back of him from whom he may inherit the essential qualities to fill such an office. But he is the most needed man in the new Church in China. The missionary studies every new convert long and prayerfully to see whether he may possibly qualify for this important office. He knows that if China is to be evangelized it must be done by the Chinese themselves. The training of the proper men for this service is, therefore, one of the most important duties of the missionary.

The Christians meet together in the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting and the Christian Endeavour Society. They frequently go out in little bands and speak on the streets, in the chapels, at private homes. They invite neighbours to their homes at the time of evening or morning worship. The missionary is watching their daily conduct. He studies them when they are as-

sailed by special temptations and trials. He knows that an ability to speak is far from being the chief qualification needed in the true evangelist. Sometimes he places a possible candidate in a position where he can obtain a closer knowledge of the man's character. He is taken into the compound as a servant or put as keeper of a street chapel. Many aspire to the position who are wholly unfitted for such service. They must be turned back and gently led into some other channel of usefulness.

Colportage work is often the second step in the training of evangelists. The Bible societies are constantly seeking reliable men whom the missionary can recommend and supervise. These societies bear all the expense of the colporters and pay them a reasonable salary. The missionary outlines the routes over which the colporter will travel, acts as his adviser and sends his reports to the Bible society. It is no easy task to be a colporter. A copy of one of the Gospels is sold for about one-half cent American money, yet the average colporter will be unable to sell more than a couple of hundred in a month. The Chinese despise one of their nationality who will become a Christian. They taunt him with following the foreigner and "eating the foreign doctrine." He must be a skillful handler of men, indeed, who excells in the selling of Scriptures to the Chinese. These men must carry their stock-in-trade from

place to place upon their own shoulders. They travel in summer heat and winter cold. Petty persecution and strong temptation assail them. He who successfully accomplishes a year of labour as a colporter, can be counted as having passed the second step which leads to the office of an evangelist.

The next step in his promotion is the placing of him in a street chapel not far from the home of the missionary. His mornings must now be given to study and his afternoons to preaching. He follows a carefully-outlined course of Bible-study. When the missionary travels out through the country he finds no one better fitted to accompany him on such itineraries than a man who has been all over the ground as a colporter. Such a helper can lead him to homes and villages that have shown themselves favourable to the Gospel. The missionary more closely scrutinizes the man's preaching and conduct. Little faults can be corrected and good points encouraged. Close bonds of fellowship and sympathy become established between the foreigner and the Chinese helper.

The final instruction given in this college of evangelism is the gathering, year by year, of the helpers into a general Bible institute. At some convenient time in the year they come together from all the stations into some central point and there for a few weeks do actual class work and

Evangelist Koh and family, of Chu Cheo district.

Evangelist Djao, who was picked up from the ranks of famine refugees.

take notes on lectures. The various missionaries have in charge their respective departments of Bible geography, Bible history, church history, hermeneutics, homiletics, etc. Each speaker gives a course of a week's lectures in his department and makes way for the next course. The Chinese prepare outlines of sermons and have them criticised. Mission difficulties and mission polity are discussed with them and among them. They are taught the principles of leadership.

By means of such training have many of the most trusted evangelists in China been fitted for the positions of trust they are holding. They have been taken from all walks of life. In our own circle of workers, Wu Li-Kwan was a boatman, Shi Gwei-Biao was a story-teller, Chen Li-Seng was a teacher, Koh was a photographer and Wang Yung-Seng was his assistant. It has taken long years to train some of them. Others showed promise from the first of being fitted for the service. When they have proven themselves worthy and capable of bearing responsibilities of service, they are sent out to the villages where they open chapels, build up local churches and work in conjunction with the missionary to evangelize the surrounding regions.

To all of them come temptations and petty persecutions. They are reviled and hated by their countrymen who sneeringly speak of them as "eating the foreign doctrine," since they are

under the pay of the missionary society. One day Mr. Shi, the story-teller, was preaching from the text, "Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." A man stepped up to him from the audience and hit him on the side of the face. Shi's face reddened and the hot blood went tingling to his finger-tips. He started towards the man, stopped, then turned the other side of his face to the stranger, and said, "Hit the other side, friend." There was no quarrel that day.

Once he was called before a very anti-foreign official as a witness. The official sneeringly asked him if he had accepted the doctrine of the "foreign devils." He confessed that he had.

"Perhaps you would like to preach to us," jeered the official.

"If I should say what I know of the doctrine, your excellency would say that you knew more. It is, however, in your power to hear it, should you so command," was the steady reply.

When the missionary sends out one of these trained men to open and build up an outstation, it becomes a mark of the missionary's deepest faith in him. Strong temptations will assail the evangelist. Money will be offered him if he will traffic in the good name of the Church. Foreign influence in China is strong. Officials fear and tremble before it. In all the riots and rebellions which the Chinese have led against foreigners

they have invariably been overcome by superior forces and indemnities extracted from them for the property they have destroyed. A dread of becoming mixed up in any business in which the foreigners are concerned has grown upon the officials. When legal cases have been brought before them and any suggestion has been dropped that the litigants might be connected with the foreigners, the officials have either rendered unjust decisions or refused to act in the case.

The common people have readily discovered this weakness in their rulers and have consequently sought alliance with foreigners. Protestant missionaries have in most cases refused to meddle in legal affairs, except in cases of extreme persecution, and the lawless characters among the people have turned to the native evangelists and sought to entangle them. In the past few years thousands of Chinese have sought membership with the Christians for no other reason than to compel the officials to decide their long standing law cases in their favour.

Thus it has fallen upon the Chinese evangelist to not only withstand direct temptation to himself, but also to sift the mass of inquirers who have been gathering about the work. He who is a Chinese himself is usually better qualified to separate the real inquirer from the false than is the missionary who at best is an alien in their country. Hence it follows that the missionary

should be in close fellowship with his evangelists. He must have their confidence and give them his. Over and over they prove themselves worthy of all the trust imposed in them. The persecutions borne and the temptations resisted bring them into a fellowship in the sufferings of Jesus Christ and an experimental knowledge of the power of the Holy Spirit which make them worthy coworkers, indeed, with the most consecrated of missionaries. One time a missionary was travelling with the Mr. Shi mentioned above. Evening had brought them to an inn so crowded full of caravan animals and packs that the only resting place for them that night was in the open court within the quadrangle formed by the stables. They spread some straw upon the rough stones covering the court, knelt together in their evening prayer and rolled themselves up in their blankets.

As they lay looking up at the stars the missionary suddenly asked, "Shi, is Jesus Christ real to you?"

"Real to me? He is more real to me than you are."

"Why, how can that be? I am right here by you. You can see me, feel me, hear me. Can the Master be more real than that?"

"Older brother, you sometimes misunderstand me and sometimes I misunderstand you; but Christ never misunderstands me. He is real to me, very real."

Some of these men have fallen. Standing alone in the midst of new and unexpected temptations it is no wonder that some of them were overwhelmed. They have risen again, profited by the fall. As the work has grown the band of evangelists has grown with it. They have entered into fellowship with one another and counselled together how to meet the difficult conditions. Gradually their Christian characters are winning the confidence of the people until some have not only become sturdy living epistles of the Word but have gained a commanding moral influence among the people of the district in which their lives have been cast. Such lives become prophetic of the days coming when China shall be evangelized by her own people.

XIX

THE CHINESE AS GIVERS

A RICH Chinese is usually a liberal Chinese. He gives to the beggar on the street, even though it cements the beggar to his profession. He serves rich feasts to his friends and guests. It is by reason of his liberality that a great many temples and schools are built. He, for merit's sake, will build and equip ferries across the rivers ; and, for the good will of the people, will construct bridges and mend roads.

To make a fine display at a wedding or a funeral all Chinese will spend their last cash and all they may be able to borrow from their friends. A community will build a temple in their midst and establish a priest within its sanctuaries. It is a popular error among them that money spent for others accumulates merit, and merit accumulated, makes entrance into heaven more sure. In all their religious and philanthropic gifts fear of the devil and hope of heaven play a prominent part. By the free use of money they gain social and legal privileges in their courts ; why should not a like expenditure

gain for them certain advantages in the life to come?

Yet in spite of their belief in the power of money to obtain privileges in this life and the life to come, the priests in the temples, built by the people, frequently find it difficult to drag their living out of their unwilling supporters. Temples on every side are falling into decay. Perhaps the propaganda of missionaries has made the people doubt the power of the idols and hence has lessened their interest in the temples. Certain it is, that it often takes the alluring festivities of an idol procession or similar attraction to draw the people together in worship and obtain money from them for the repair of some neglected temple. Other means of support for the temples have been sought for. Some have been endowed. Mountain lands have been deeded to others and the priests have allowed the timber to grow or constructed lime-kilns as a source of revenue. Such properties are non-taxable the same as property held for religious purposes in America.

Is it strange then, that men, when taught the power of Christ to overcome evil and the acceptance of Him as a sure means to the obtaining of an entrance into heaven, should see in the Christian faith not only a means of eternal salvation but also a release from financial obligations? A great army in the ranks of

American Christians have seemed to so regard Christianity. Some have even taken pride in the fact that their religion had cost them almost nothing. It takes time and patience and example to inoculate the Christian newly born out of heathenism, with the possibilities of joy to be found in the practice of "this grace also."

In the earlier days of the Foreign Christian Mission work in China, some of the missionaries told the few Chinese Christians assembled in conference that for every dollar the Chinese would raise they would give ten dollars. The Chinese had been very, very slow in opening up their purses to the spread of the Gospel. They were from the ranks of the poorer classes and very little money passed through their hands during the course of a year. One or two of them, however, were impressed with the import of the offer. For them to raise ten dollars would mean a gift of one hundred dollars from the missionaries. Thirty dollars would call for three hundred dollars. In a little informal committee meeting held at the end of the conference, they laid their plans and went to work. At the next conference they laid thirty dollars as their offering on the table and asked the missionaries to put three hundred dollars by its side. That offering was the beginning of tithing for some of the Chinese.

Every year each station now brings in its offer-

ings for the general fund thus started. Its amount is several times the first offering. When comparing the respective liberality of American and Chinese Christians we must remember the buying value of a dollar in the two countries and also the amount of the daily wage paid to workmen. The Chinese are at present giving an average of twenty cents per member for this their "foreign mission" offering, or the value of two days' wages. Outside of the money given for local work, American Christians do not yet give an average of one day's wages towards the spread of the Gospel.

With the fund thus started by the Chinese in the foreign Christian mission, they have erected a fine street chapel near the busy river landing in Nanking. They have mortgaged buildings in interior points for the opening of other centres. For one year they paid the salary of an evangelist who was sent to aid in the opening of a new station in the northern part of Anhwui Province.

The evangelists in the Chu Cheo district have nearly all gained the right to be enrolled in the ranks of tithe givers. One-twentieth of their incomes goes directly to evangelistic work in the district. For four years they have supported one of their number as an extra evangelist. He works under their committee, makes a tour of the outstations and ministers in the homes of the Christians.

"The poor ye have always with you." The northern famines have driven many southward to the granaries of Nanking and Chinkiang. These poor refugees did not always reach their destination. Sick and starving they have fallen by the wayside, in most cases to die uncared for. Some have fallen into the hands of the Christians. Clothes have been put upon their backs. Little huts have been built for them. They have been assisted in starting once more on the road to self-support. They can sell peanuts, doughnuts, or sweetmeats on the streets or cut fuel on the hills and find ready sale for it in the towns. Some of our most honoured Christians have thus been saved and won.

Tang, a small farmer, died suddenly. He did not know the danger of eating tainted meat but it cost him his life. His little girl died at the same time. There was no money in the home. His wife and baby were helpless. The Christians bought a respectable coffin and paid the funeral expenses. They aided his wife in renting the little piece of property and placed her in a position to help herself.

Suen, another farmer, died one summer of dysentery. His wife was sick with consumption. The Christians buried him and raised a sufficient sum to send his wife back to her parents' home where she could be cared for. Djao was an educated man whom famine had driven from his

northern home. He was helped back from beggary and became a Christian. The Christians raised a sum sufficient to keep him and solicited scholars that he might open a school in their village. He is now one of our strong evangelists.

The general Chinese convention meets annually at the various stations. In order that as many may attend as possible, the local Christians take pride and joy in entertaining all who will come free of cost. Buildings are emptied and rooms turned into one great bed. The floor is covered with straw and the men spread their blankets upon it and sleep much as was done in the pioneer meetings held by our fathers in America. The women are lodged in other quarters in like manner. The cooking is done at one large oven or stove and tables spread in one enclosure. As many as one hundred and forty have been thus entertained at an annual Chinese convention. A committee has charge of the food supply and one or two are detailed to do the cooking. None of the preparations are elaborate except in quantity. A hog, sheep, numbers of chickens and a quantity of fish are laid in stock for the campaign. The inspiration generated in such gatherings is unsurpassed in any land.

By little gifts the Chinese Christians express their love towards the missionaries. On Christmas day gifts come to as well as go out from the

missionary. The Chinese remember the birthdays of the little children in the mission home. The gifts consist of brilliant garments for the babies, beautifully embroidered shoes for the women, sweet potatoes and sweetmeats for the table, goats for meat, porcelain, etc.

When F. M. Rains, secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, visited the field, in Chu Cheo he was met at the city gate by the Christians with a string of ten thousand firecrackers wound on a bamboo pole. They fired the crackers as they marched ahead of his chair, up the street, to the church which they had gaily decorated for the occasion. In other instances the foreign visitors are presented with scrolls on silk and given elaborate feasts. Missionaries, leaving on furlough, are escorted on their way in a chair and sometimes the Christians will show their deep affection by carrying the chair themselves.

There are other ways in which the Chinese show their growing liberality. In the ministry of giving to their fellow countrymen they shine most brightly and contrast most strongly with the usual heathen selfish indifference. Some of the Christians out walking on Christmas day, found the naked body of a little girl babe thrown out behind a temple and freezing to death. They wrapped it in their own coats and tenderly brought it to the hospital where they spent a day trying to hold life in the body. They did not

succeed in their purpose but the act revealed their passion for ministry.

A ten-year-old boy was found begging by the wayside. The toes of one foot had been frozen off. They picked him up and brought him to the hospital. His body was covered with sores and vermin. He was cleaned up and put into better clothes. One day we found him in the room with our ignorant gateman. They were talking over something between them. A little later we heard him, as he sat out on the walk, slowly repeating, "Our—Father—who—art—in —heaven." The ignorant gateman had been telling him what he could about Christ and had taught him the Lord's prayer.

It may not be that the Chinese are giving large sums into the coffers of the Church. They are not giving as much as they should give. They do not yet understand how larger gifts can open the storehouses of God so that by giving they shall be increased in basket and store and receive large spiritual blessings. But, year by year, as the missionary watches the course of their liberality increase and their love of ministry grow large, he sees evidences of a future liberality in the Chinese Church which may put to shame those in more civilized lands.

XX

A MISSIONARY SANITARIUM

"BEFORE we had Kuling," said a missionary from Hankow, "some one fell in our ranks every year. Each spring we would find ourselves saying under our breaths, 'Who will be the one to fall this year?' It was a nightmare to us. Kuling has been a life-saving station." That is the experience and history throughout the Yangtse valley. Since the Church has decided that what she wants on the mission field is living workers and not martyrs' graves, missionaries on all mission fields have been establishing sanitariums in favourable places. Many have thus been saved from being sent home on sick leave and scores of lives have been spared for long service on the field.

Until about 1895 missionaries in the Yangtse valley were obliged to remain at their stations throughout the heat of the summer. Mothers fanned their children to sleep. Extra servants were hired to pull the great fans which were swung over the tables and the beds. Sick people were sent to Japan or returned to the home land. Too many graves were being dug in China.

Some missionaries who had secured the privilege of building stone cottages on the slopes of the Kuling mountains, conceived the plan of obtaining possession of one of the valleys in the tops of the mountains and opening it for all who might wish to come. Like every other innovation introduced by the foreigners, the Chinese looked upon the procedure with suspicion and it took long, patient, persistent action before the valley was thrown open to occupation by foreigners.

Kuling is up the Yangtse River about four hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai. This river is the great highway over which all pass in reaching this "valley on the mountain top." The river steamer is left at Kiukiang, the porcelain market of China. A rest-house with conveniences for sleeping and the preparing of simple meals has been established in this city by the Kuling management. Each family is accompanied by their servants, carry their own bedding and provide their own food. Chair-bearers with light open chairs wait to transport passengers across the ten miles of plain and five miles of mountain climb. Other carriers fasten the baggage to their carrying poles and follow the chair-bearers. The furniture, bedding, provisions, building timber, iron roofing, drugs, crockery and pictures for a thousand men, women, and children have been carried across the plain and

up the mountainside on the shoulders of coolies. Pianos and organs have been transported up the mountain. Whole houses have been purchased in Shanghai and, in like manner, transported from the river steamer to the top of the mountain. When it is understood that up the mountain climb there are four long flights of steep stone stairways, one gains a faint conception of the task. Given enough Chinese workmen almost any burden can be moved. The men who do this transporting of baggage and freight receive high wages for Chinese. Being largely mountain men they are used to climbing.

Two miles away from the entrance to the Kuling valley one catches his first glimpse of the Chinese village which lies just at the "Gap." After passing the Gap, the valley, with its slopes thickly studded with the stone cottages, bursts upon the traveller's view. The valley is nearly two miles long and contains nearly two hundred buildings.

An annually elected council hold rule over the valley. A paid manager remains the year round upon the estate, as the valley is technically called. This manager oversees workmen as they build new cottages and repair the older ones; he guides the labourers in repairing the roads and maintains a company of patrolmen who watch over the property. In the summer when the residents are coming up the mountain, he has

charge of the great army who carry the sedan chairs and transport the baggage. In filling this difficult office, many foreigners have come and gone, but none have succeeded better than John Berkin, of England, who fills the office at the present time (1907).

The Kuling estate is granted to the foreigners by the Chinese government upon a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year lease. The council give a deed to each lot-holder and this entitles him to a vote upon all questions arising in the community. No Chinese can buy or live within the precincts of the estate except as a servant to a foreigner. Contractors (Chinese) have shops at the Gap and stand ready to build or repair houses. Stone is the universal building material. Cottages are usually one story and cost from five hundred to as many thousands of dollars.

From almost any point in the valley beautiful scenery bursts upon one's view. Every resident believes his home to be situated in the most delightful spot in the valley. The clouds roll up the mountainside and into the cottage doors. The sunsets are beautiful beyond description. From some points lower ranges of mountains and the distant Yangtse can be plainly seen. Mountain springs pour out their pure waters. A stream winds down the valley becoming a never-failing joy to the paddling children. Swimming

pools, tennis courts, pleasant walks, and shady nooks have been spread along the valley.

A union church opens its doors to all denominations and all nationalities. Leading missionaries from all societies fill the pulpit. Throughout the summer a Sunday-school gathers the children together. Lovers of music band together and furnish a sacred concert at the end of each season. Loyal Americans celebrate the Fourth of July, and a day of sports for the children is an annual occurrence. Medical, evangelistic and educational conferences broaden the minds and hearts of the resting missionaries. Probably no theme receives the universal attention that is given to Christian union.

Young missionaries find the valley a retreat to which they may come and continue uninterrupted their study of the language. The specially prepared invalid chairs bring up their loads of men and women who have been prostrated by uncongenial climate and worn nerves. Up in the pure mountain air a new lease of life and strength is granted them. There is a cemetery at the lower end of the valley but the graves are few.

Some years ago one of the China Inland missionaries presented his mission with some fine school buildings which he had erected on the estate. This mission, not being prepared to open the school at once for their own children,

have leased the buildings to a corporation of missionaries and business men. These have established a school for the children of missionaries and foreigners in China. Plans are now being laid for the establishment of a larger and permanent school at the place for the same purpose. Since the greatest problem before the average missionary is the education of his children, the new school will become a blessing to the missionary body in China. Without such privileges missionaries must teach their own children until they reach the period for entering high school and college at which time the home must be broken up and the children brought to the home land for the final steps in their education.

Down on the plains at the stations, the little ones growing up in the mission homes must be guarded both physically and morally from contagion and contamination. A missionary mother was one day telling her children the story of Hagar and Ishmael. She told them how the two were driven out into the wilderness where they could find no water. Hagar left Ishmael under a bush and went away for she could not bear to see him die. Then God showed her a spring of water and saved their lives. The missionary children listened to their mother with eager interest but did not show great enthusiasm over the climax of the narrative. After a moment of silence one of the boys doubtfully

asked his mother, "Mother, was the water in that spring boiled?" They had never tasted unboiled water. The Chinese soil is so porous and the Chinese are so unsanitary in their habits that the missionaries have learned by bitter experience to always boil water before using it for drinking purposes.

The missionary takes his family to this mountain top for the summer and, with his heart at rest, returns to his work in the valley. In his imagination he sees his little ones playing in the mountain stream, floating their boats and building their miniature pebble walls. He knows his wife is growing rested and strong. If any accident occurs or sickness should befall them, he knows there are physicians in Kuling who will gladly minister to them. While he is sweltering in the heat of the plains below, he knows they are sleeping under blankets every night. With the anxiety for his loved ones taken off his mind, he can rest in spite of the heat and quietly do the work needed at the station.

Three thousand Chinese live in the village at the Gap and minister to the foreign community. Carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, shoemakers, tailors, photographers, tinsmiths, gardeners, milkmen, and storekeepers flock up the mountainside each summer and build or repair their own rough summer homes. They will sell flower bulbs, assist in carrying lunch baskets

on a picnic excursion, level a tennis court, paint an iron roof or build a house as the case may be.

The missionaries do not forget their mission and message to the Chinese. The welfare of these "ministering servants" is upon the hearts of the community. The drainage and sanitation of the Chinese village is watched as closely as the valley itself. A dispensary is maintained by voluntary contributions from the foreigners for the Chinese. Sickness at the mountain top is not so common even among the Chinese, but in the blasting of rock accidents will happen. In the constant going back and forth from the plain below, disease at times creeps up the mountainside. Physicians take turns at the dispensary in attending to the sick or injured Chinese.

In connection with the dispensary is a street chapel in which the evangelists hold nightly services. Lantern slides are shown with effect and much religious literature is sold. On Sunday afternoon the union church building is thrown open to the Chinese. This is more for the servants who are directly connected with the missionary homes, many of whom are Christians. The best Chinese speakers among the missionaries fill the pulpit at these services. On Thursday afternoons a service for the Chinese women is held by the missionary women.

The season passes and the missionary takes

his family back to the resident station. They have renewed their strength. The children for a time have had the privilege of mingling with other children of their own race and tongue. They have attended a Sunday-school and church services in which men and women of their own kind met together and praised God in the English tongue. Broader visions and greater possibilities in the mission service have come to the father and mother. They have lost the feeling of loneliness and isolation. In body, mind and soul they have been refreshed. God bless Kuling.

XXI

THE FASCINATION OF THE MISSION FIELD

WHAT is it that leads men and women to commit themselves to the mission field for a life service? More than almost any other class of people they are held up as heroes and their life of sacrificing service is constantly pointed out to the Church and the world. Secretaries of foreign mission societies speak of the sacrifice; friends of missionaries call attention to it; but it is rare that a missionary himself will be heard characterizing the missionary service as a heroic or self-sacrificing task. That there are hardships, he never denies, but he believes that the one who would pity him for the so-called sacrifices he may be making, has not yet caught the spirit of the missionary enterprise.

Upon a like basis one might be led to pity our great Master, for was He not, too, a foreign missionary? Did not He empty Himself, "taking the form of a servant, being made in the image of man"? "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea, even the death of the cross." Now we can say with reverence that it did not seem to impress Him as a great sacrifice, for over in Hebrews we are told that He endured

the cross and despised the shame "for the joy that was set before Him."

For the joy that was set before them His disciples left their nets and shops and schools and went out to endure hardships in labours, perils by sea and land, imprisonments and stripes, cold and hunger, nakedness and the sword,—*for the joy that was set before them.* They might have taken up other lines of business, but the passion for saving men, even at the expense of losing for themselves the temporary comforts so highly prized by other men, sent them out and kept them out to the end.

For the joy that was set before him, Carey was constrained to lead the modern missionary enterprise; for the joy that was set before him, Morrison buried himself in a Canton cellar and began the work of breaking down the walls of China's exclusiveness; for the joy that was set before them, Judson went to Burmah, Moffatt and Livingstone to Africa, Paton to the New Hebrides, Miss Agnew and Miss Reed to women of India; and a great host of others have "left all and followed Him,"—to the mission field.

Missionaries, still living, have left their children in other loving hands and gone back to the fever-stricken jungles of Africa and there, upon sick-beds, still taught their dark brothers and sisters the way to heaven. Men have brought their families to the home land, that the children might

not be denied the privilege of education, and gone back alone to carry on the work.

Breaking down in health, missionaries have returned to Christian lands to repair the depleted strength or pass through grave surgical operations only to return at the earliest moment to the land where they had been pouring out their life-strength and there once more take up the burden. One family who endured great perils and hardships and suffered much physical pain at the hand of the Boxers who were "drunk with the blood of the martyrs," were sent to Europe and ministered to by loving friends until their health was regained. Then they went straight back to the scene of their tortures and began the task anew.

Two doctors in central China came back to America when they saw their wives failing in health. They brought the best medical skill to fight the uneven battle with death,—and death won. They laid their loved ones in their graves, put their children into schools under the care of friends and straightway returned to their hospitals and empty homes in China. One mother returned to the home land three times and then retried the climate of China hoping to become acclimatized so that she and her husband might spend their lives lifting up China. Their greatest hardship was endured and the greatest sacrifice made when they gave up the unequal strug-

gle and abandoned the thought of foreign missions as their life-work.

Apparently to live and die upon the mission field in the midst of the fires they have succeeded in kindling, is the height of satisfaction to such men and women. Neither is this ambition confined merely to those who, while still largely ignorant of the conditions in heathen lands, offered themselves for the service. Others who have gone abroad to visit their friends in mission lands have been so fascinated by the opportunities offered in mission service that they have returned to their homes, made necessary arrangements, and offered themselves to their boards. Business men and women, travelling around the world for pleasure or other purpose have been seized with the same impulse and while they could not give themselves to direct missionary service, have gladly given of their means.

It is not blind fanaticism which thus attracts and holds one to the foreign mission field. Contact with actual heathenism robs visionary and misguided zeal of its halo and places the missionary face to face with hard facts. If he stays at the task it is because something besides fanaticism holds him there. There is a joy in the mission service, joy so great that other passions have little influence.

The rank and file of the Christian Church in the home lands do not seem able to com-

prehend the possibilities of obtaining joy in such an undertaking as the conversion of the heathen world. Perhaps one must have fellowship in the sufferings of Christ before he can fully appreciate fellowship in His joy. To the missionary there is no greater work than treading in the footsteps of Christ and His disciples in fields where the need is great and the labourers few. To be planted in the midst of a people whose bodies, minds and souls are crying out for the "Glad Tidings" you have to offer; and to be the only ones in that field who can give it to them,—that is opportunity, and that is joy.

The missionary has not been in the field long before he is borne down with the appalling famine which is desolating heathen hearts. They are starving and dying for want of love and hope. Each separate man and woman among them seems so intensely seeking some way out of the awful tangle, called life, that he has become callous to the sufferings of all others. Every man is fighting to save himself. It matters not if salvation is obtained by climbing over the prostrate forms of fellow men. Doubt, fear of demons and the consciousness of sin possess them all. They are lost and know not the way home. "They are as sheep without a shepherd." They die like wild beasts beside the roadway and on the street corners. They are alone in their misery with no one to pity, to comfort, to help.

They laugh and joke; they feast and listen to the story-tellers; they buy and sell; they grow rich and grow poor; they marry and produce children; the children play about the streets like so many kittens and puppies; but through it all one can almost hear the muttered expression, "Let us eat and drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die."

There is a pitiableness in the appeal of the beggar by the road; a loneliness about the refugee dumbly pursuing his way towards the land of plenty which ever eludes him like a will-o'-the-wisp; a hopelessness about the father or mother bending over the sick child; a misery in it all which grips the missionary and holds him to his post. One missionary, after passing through the first years of contact with heathenism, in a letter to his father, cried out his heart-sickness. "It breaks my heart to see the misery of these starving people, starving for want of bread and for want of hope. I wish the Christians in America could be brought face to face with these people for a little while that they might realize their duty. It breaks my heart to see the suffering but, after once seeing it, I could not leave them if I would. They need me and I must stay."

The missionary has watched the people as the love of Christ slowly penetrated their hearts. They have been dwarfed and deformed by

heathenism. Crushed and stunted, can they really be made to respond to the warmth of His love? The missionary watches over the first glimmering response to that love. He sees the hard lines disappear and the hope grow in their hearts. The love of Christ *does* satisfy the hearts of all men. The beggar and the prince, the ignorant and the educated, the yellow and the white race, all alike quench their thirst when they come to this fountain. There is naught else in the wide universe which will meet and satisfy the hearts of all men save the love of Christ. To watch the fear going out and the peace coming into a Chinese heart is worth all the hardships one endures on the mission field.

The missionary did not go to China expecting to find good roads, carriages, electric cars, railroads, telephones, and well-equipped stores in every town. Friends will often ask, "Do you really like it better out there than here in the home land?" The missionary recalls the first sight of America he obtained when returning after an absence of seven or eight years. He remembers the thrill he experienced when the sight of the stars and stripes floating from the mast of some vessel greeted his eyes. He thinks of the maples, the oaks, the elms; the stores with their great show windows, the streets with their fine pavements, the loved friends who gathered around to greet the ones long-absent

from their midst and he has no hesitancy in saying, "I love America above all other lands."

But when the same friends change the form of the question to "Do you like it out there?" the answer must be very different. Ask the soldier under fire, or enduring the hardships of the march or the privations of the camp, if he likes it. Ask the physician who is being called at all hours of the day and night to face contagion and virulent diseases, if he likes it. Ask the messenger who goes out from the palace of the king to bear a message to some far frontier point, if he likes the work. They will tell you that whether they like it or not, that has nothing to do with the service they are rendering to mankind. They render the service because that is their business. Do they receive adequate compensation for what they do? might be a more timely question.

Sleeping in dirty inns, travelling over difficult roads, enduring the tropical heat and heavy rains, facing persecutions and hunger, isolated from congenial associations, rearing children far away from their own kind, becoming companion and teacher to them, the missionary asks not if he likes it all. He is there because the love of Christ constrained him to come and compensates him for the sacrifices he makes and the hardships he endures. It is the King's business. The King commands and he obeys.

When Christians in all lands will have learned to attend services, teach and pray, visit the sick and the stranger, minister to the poor and the afflicted, seek the lost and strengthen the weak, because it is the King's business and the King commands, then God will open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

"I am so glad! It is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest, Thou performest, Thou, my Lord.
That is enough for me."

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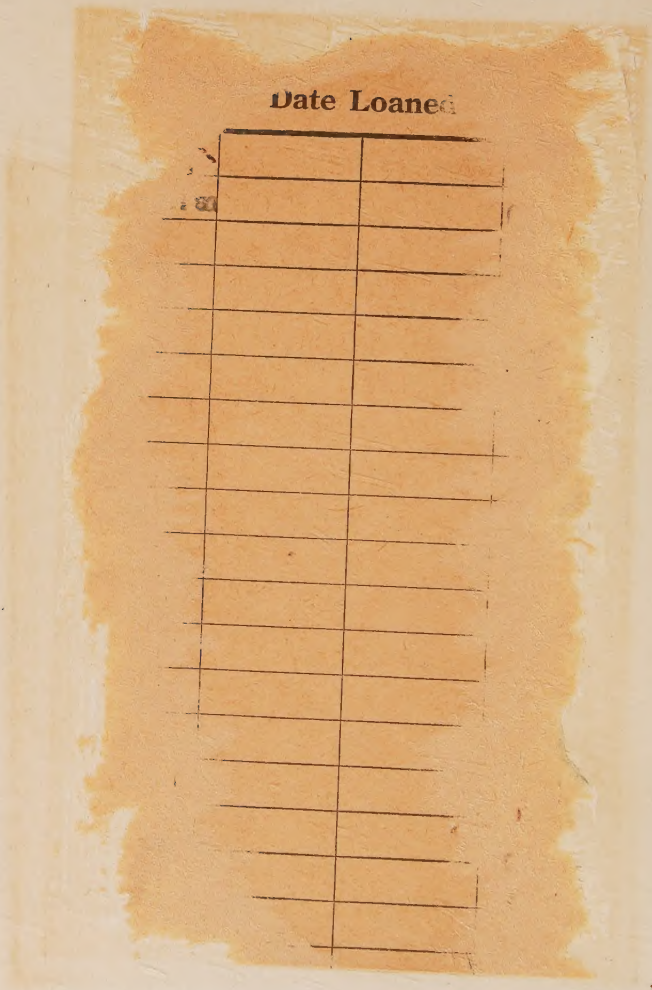
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